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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice o telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Queen's Message, with which Parliament was prorogued on Tuesday, gave a prominent place to the Indian Famine, promising that "no effort would be wanting on the part of the Indian Government to mitigate the terrible calamity." Complaints still come from India that "the people of England do not realise the gravity of the situation." We are asked to picture to ourselves districts considerably larger than the whole area of England, absolutely dried up and parched, without a leaf or blade of any green thing visible for miles upon miles. In the villages of this dolorous region there are still some stores of food, but they are nearly exhausted, and already eighteen millions of people have nothing to eat but what is imported for them. Half a million have perished of starvation and pestilence. The roads present a horrible spectacle, emaciated wretches crawling along in search of food, dead and dying stretched by the wayside. It has been compared to the track of a routed army, but the loathsome condition of the bodies of the sufferers gives an element of horror to the famine-stricken districts which is wanting on the battle-field. Many thousands more are doomed, in spite of all the exertions that can be made to relieve them, but much may be done. Never has a more urgent appeal been addressed to the charity of the English people.

Marshal MacMahon has met with a less obsequious reception in his North-Western tour than he received at Bourges. Evreux was the first town on his route, and there the chief remaining officer of the municipality, the Mayor having been dismissed for refusing to placard the *Bulletin des Communes*, addressed the Marshal-President as follows. "Allow us to be sincere, and to tell you that the population whom we represent are profoundly attached to the Republican Government, and that all you do for its maintenance and consolidation will ensure you their warm sympathies." This was plain speaking, and the speaker added that the Marshal would find that "all our wise Norman populations" agreed with him. An address like this forced the Marshal to a more explicit declaration of his position than he has yet given. "I desire, like you," he said, "the cessation of the present crisis. It will cease, no doubt, when the wisdom of the country shall, by the choice of fresh representatives, have restored the accord momentarily disturbed between the public powers." This is, in effect, that the Marshal insists upon the country giving way to him. He expressed the same idea in equally unmistakable language in answer to another address. "I was already acquainted with the needs and aspirations of these Norman populations, so rich, so laborious, so devoted to the cause of order, and so respectful of authority. What they desire, indeed, is stability, and it is to insure this in the future that I have preferred an inevitable but passing crisis to the abasement of authority before the excessive pretensions of one of the two Chambers." This makes the issue between the President and the Republic clearer than before, and the interest now centres in what he is prepared to do in the almost certain event of the country supporting instead of abasing the "excessive pretensions" of the Chamber of Deputies.

The *Rappel* and the *Bien Public* were lately fined for reprinting from the *Daily News* an allegation of an understanding between the Pope and the reactionists in France. The Pope does not seem to be so anxious to avoid the appearance of an alliance. The *Voce della Verita* declares that it is "the indispensable duty of French Catholics to act so as to emancipate themselves in due time from the incubus of the hybrid Republic, and proclaim the restoration of the hereditary legitimate monarchy." From the realisation of this object many good things are promised to Europe, an alliance between France, Austria, and England, and the immediate conclusion of the war in deference to a friendly word to the Czar from Henry V. On the other hand, if Henry V. should not be restored, Europe is threatened with a "terrible doom," to overtake first France, then Austria, lastly, astute Albion herself.

The last blue-book of correspondence respecting the affairs of Turkey is a curious illustration of a sentence in the now almost forgotten Protocol. "They propose," said the signatories of that document in behalf of their respective Governments, "to watch carefully by means of their representatives at Constantinople and their local agents the manner in which the Ottoman Government executes its promises." Half the blue-book accordingly consists of reports by the local British agents of outrages committed by Circassians and other irregulars on the Christian population, reports by Mr. Layard of remonstrances addressed in consequence to the Sultan and the Grand Vizier, reports of the steps promised to be taken, and despatches from Lord Derby warmly approving of the action of the ambassador and the consuls. But we search in vain for any practical results from all this vigilant observation and remonstrance. The following, from Mr. Layard to the Earl of Derby, is typical of the contents of the blue-book:—"At the audience I had of the Sultan on the 15th inst., I spoke strongly to His Majesty on the subject of the outrages committed by the Circassians. His Majesty immediately sent a message on the subject to the Grand Vizier, and His Highness now informs me

that circular instructions have consequently been sent to the provincial authorities, ordering them to deal severely with these people and to check their excesses without delay." The Porte is most accommodating to Mr. Layard. It expresses the utmost readiness to send a telegram, or circular instructions, or even a commission to inquire and report. And then Lord Derby writes to Mr. Layard approving of the representations, or transmitting to him the opinion of Her Majesty's Government that it would be impossible for him to have acted with greater energy, ability, and judgment.

It seems that Mr. Layard strongly advised the Government to interfere in the interests of peace towards the end of May. At that date the Russians had rapidly overrun Armenia, but had not yet crossed the Danube. There was every prospect that some time would elapse before the Russians would be able to effect a crossing, and the opportunity, Mr. Layard urged, was favourable for mediation. Russia being in virtual possession of a Turkish province, held a material guarantee for the execution of any concessions she might exact for the Christians; on the other hand, the Turks had not been exasperated by the stress of resistance in Europe. By proposing mediation to Russia at such a moment, her real intentions would be brought to the test. If she refused mediation, then, Mr. Layard argued, there could no longer be any doubt as to her having other designs than the improvement of the condition of the Bulgarians. There was a certain logical neatness in this recommendation, a sharp dialectical ingenuity, but practically it overlooked the fact that mediatory negotiations would have taken time, and that meantime the belligerents would have had to support their enormous armies, while they were losing a large part of the campaigning season. Whether the Government took any steps in pursuance of Mr. Layard's advice does not appear. His despatch reached them June 9, a fortnight before the crossing of the Danube, and the beginning of the Russian reverses in Asia Minor, so that there was time to have done something before the position of affairs was altered. But there is no trace of any action on the part of the Government.

One of Mr. Layard's principal reasons for wishing to force Russia to a declaration of her intentions was the fear of an understanding between her and Persia. "The suspicion," he says, "that Russia has already made secret offers to Persia to assist her in acquiring the province of Bagdad in exchange for Ghilan and Mazanderan may be unfounded; but the fact that it exists, and has been entertained by persons not generally ill-informed, proves that this consideration is one not to be altogether lost sight of. In most cases, when the evident interests of two parties are concerned in effecting an exchange, the exchange is sooner or later effected. The desire of Persia to possess the province of Bagdad and the holy shrines of their prophets and martyrs is of very ancient date, and is shared by the whole Persian nation. On the other hand, the possession of the entire coast of the Caspian Sea, and the direct road through a rich and well-inhabited country to Herat and Afghanistan, and ultimately to India, is a matter of vast political importance to Russia. Such being the case, there is every reason to believe that when Persia finds that the Turkish Empire is threatened with dismemberment her own interests will get the better of any sympathy for it founded upon community of faith, and that, completely under the control of Russia, she will not be indisposed to agree to an arrangement which would be acceptable to the religious feelings and to the ambition of the Persian people. The possession by Persia of the province of Bagdad would be, as far as England is concerned, its possession by Russia." That there is some understanding between Persia and Russia is probable enough, though whether it amounts to a proposed barter of territory such as Mr. Layard conceives is another question. But supposing it were so, what then? Putting the designs of Russia at their worst, her possibilities of advantage in Asia Minor and Persia at their highest, the way to meet them is not by supporting the Turks, but by acquiring the control of Egypt. There is a passionate and wholly irrational and extra-patriotic bias in favour of the Turks running through the whole of Mr. Layard's long dispatch.

The most important part of the Royal Warrant dealing with promotion in the army is contained in the prefix. One brief paragraph virtually changes the entire scope of the Warrant, by declaring that the conditions subsequently stated in regard to retirements, voluntary and compulsory, must not be considered as granting the officers of the army any vested interests. So far as it is possible to comprehend this rather enigmatic provision, it would seem to mean that all officers now in the army may avail themselves of the terms granted by the new Warrant until the State chooses to alter or cancel its conditions. Here, unfortunately, the scheme errs in that very particular which has rendered army promotion so stagnant during recent years. This was the possibility that the State would soon offer high terms to stimulate retirements. The one thing necessary is to produce such a plan for the regulation of promotion as will satisfy the officers without inflicting injury on the State, and, before all things, which will be accepted as a permanent and final arrangement. The present Warrant does not fulfil these requirements, being essentially of a temporary nature, far too liberal in the proposed expenditure of public money, and not calculated to satisfy the officers, who are plainly told that their contracts of service carry with them important duties, but no rights.

The great American Railway strike illustrates the importance of having the elements of social science taught in schools. We notice elsewhere that this idea was advocated by Mr. W. Ellis, and taken up warmly by William Lovett, the Chartist. But they hardly succeeded in making their voices heard. They maintained that nearly all the disputes between Labour and Capital were the result of ignorance, and Mr. Ellis argued and practically showed that it was possible to remove this ignorance by the comparatively cheap process of teaching the laws which regulate profits and wages in schools. The strikers in America, said the *Daily News* of yesterday, "had never been taught to understand that a young community is always a poor community; that its vast area of unoccupied land counts for nothing; that it is generally deficient in capital; that labour may be a drug in a new country; and that, whenever the labour supply becomes abundant, low wages and distress come swiftly. Many young communities have been obliged to master this hard lesson; and America now has its turn." Such strikes as have occurred in America are very costly lessons. It would surely be wiser and cheaper to have a little forethought, and impart the requisite knowledge by more peaceful machinery. The question of having what Mr. Ellis calls "the science of social well-being" taught in schools is of much more vital importance than the question of teaching the Bible there, if people would only see it.

The Lord Chief Justice had always a predilection for trying criminal *causes célèbres*. He schemed cautiously to get the Wainwright case into his hands, and with success. He was equally keen to get the "Penge" case, and volunteered to sit at the Old Bailey this month, to the delight of junior judges. To his horror, after he had irrevocably booked himself for a week of stuffy atmosphere, the counsel for the defence—one and all—on Wednesday in last week, so soon as the prisoners came up to plead, made application for postponement of the trial. "The Chief" was utterly aghast, and bar and audience were amused. His Lordship argued the case beautifully on behalf of the Crown. The prisoners, he said, "were anxious to be tried." "They had ample time to procure

evidence." But Sir J. Holker rose and said on behalf of the Crown that he could not oppose the application, as he heard that with a little delay the prisoners could adduce important medical evidence for the defence. So the Chief had to give way, saying he would not have done so had the Attorney-General objected to the postponement, and that he was not sure even now that he was doing right. So, in spite of the Chief's anxiety to do justice to the case, the prisoners have a further run for their lives. The case stands over till September. Will he give up his yachting to sit again then? It is most probable that the health of one of the prisoners will prevent her from going through the ordeal of a trial next month; so perhaps a further adjournment may take place to October. If so, there is every likelihood of the Chief's "finding" himself again "called upon to sit" at the Old Bailey two months hence.

The report that Prince Hassan has been proposed as the future Governor or Prince of Bulgaria may have been propagated in the hopes that if not true it may be talked true. There are, however, good grounds for the belief that the Russians at least do not dream of such a solution. In circles which may be supposed to be well informed, it is represented as a feeler put forth by Lord Beaconsfield. By some it is supposed to be a long-contemplated feeler, and explains the strange willingness of the Khedive to send his troops and vessels of war to the aid of the Turks. That the Khedive and his friends have had some deep personal motive in thus assisting the Porte there can be no doubt. The present difficulties of the Sultan are so great that the idea of making use of them to gain his independence must have occurred to the Khedive, especially when he knows in what favour Halim Pasha is held in Constantinople, and that the firman granting the direct succession in his family by Abdul Aziz might be revoked any day. But, as far as the Khedive is concerned, it is much more likely that he preferred conciliating the Porte to defying it. The only question is whether his friends are not more venturesome.

The Peter's Pence presented to the Pope on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee amount to the respectable sum of 16,476,281 francs. Of this sum 9,190,000 francs were in gold, the rest in bank notes. The money is to be applied as follows: 4,000,000 francs are to be paid into the permanent fund for the Apostolic Chair; 4,000,000 for a fund for the officials, ex-officials, and ex-officers who have remained faithful to the Pope; 4,000,000 for a fund to repair the various ecclesiastical monuments, churches, &c., in Rome, and for the furtherance of art and science. The rest, 4,476,281 francs, are to be divided amongst various hospitals, homes, asylums, &c.

Much surprise has been felt at the Austrian Government permitting one of its officials, Isidor Heller, to publish Baron Bruck's memoirs; not only because Baron Bruck was one of those implicated in the army contract frauds in 1859, and committed suicide to escape inquiry, but also because he was an inveterate enemy of the Porte and the Turks generally. He was highly indignant, amongst other things, that an Orthodox Bulgarian family, like that of Prince Bogorides, should refuse to enter into the Russo-Greek plans in 1853-54 for the overthrow of the Turkish Government, and in consequence speaks of Prince Bogorides in terms which, it is said, his son, Aleko Pasha, the present ambassador of the Porte in Vienna, considers rank calumny and libel. It is thought that Heller will be proceeded against.

A former companion of Mehemet Ali relates an amusing anecdote of him during his schooldays. In the German lesson each pupil had to recite a poem, which was left to the pupil's own choice. Karl Detroit chose the well-known verses "God greet thee, ancient man, thine ancient pipe in hand," in which an old soldier tells how he got his costly meerschaum during the siege of Belgrade, where he took it from a Turkish Pasha whom he had killed, and since then had carried it in his boot *à la Turca* in all his campaigns. And when he was wounded in the foot, the veteran continues, "I first felt for my trusty pipe before I felt my foot." At this passage, Karl Detroit, suiting the gesture to the words, stooped down and drew a short pipe out of his boot to the great hilarity of the whole class.

The military operations in Asia have been limited to a series of feints and countermarches, the object of which it is hard to understand on any other ground than that of a wish to bewilder the Turks until the necessary reinforcements arrive. According to a letter from Tiflis, one of the reasons for Loris Melikoff's falling back and retracing his steps was the weakening of the reserve and the forces round Kars, caused by the withdrawal of fifteen battalions for the protection of the Caucasus against the Turks. But now that this fantastic expedition of the Moslems, undertaken chiefly to justify the Sultan's title of Ghazi, has been withdrawn, the troops taken from the Armenian army have been set free, so that active operations will now speedily recommence. As far as delaying the advance of the Russians and their siege of Kars is concerned, the expedition may be regarded as a success. But if a success to this extent, it was almost worth while to have continued it. But the truth is, that the country was becoming too hot for the Turks. Reinforcements have been pouring in from all sides; and the Turkish commanders evidently thought they had better take what they could get—a few thousand Circassians to let loose in Bulgaria or on the banks of the Lower Danube.

THE WAR IN BULGARIA.

It has been very generally asserted during the last week that the Russians have changed their plan of campaign, and now intend to sweep Bulgaria clear of the Turks before attempting to carry the seat of war into Roumelia. This would indeed be a change of front that exists nowhere but in the brains of those who cannot distinguish between the development of a plan of campaign and the plan itself. Such critics seem to think that the plan of a campaign is a fixed quantity settled in all its details at the outset, and no allowance made for the possible movements of the enemy. According to these views the Russians must be supposed to have irrevocably fixed upon their line of march, and ought to have continued their rigid advance at a certain rate of progress, no matter whether the enemy was there or not to oppose them. And if the enemy should fall back, or a lucky opportunity offer itself, neither circumstance must be allowed to modify the original plan or be taken advantage of. Certainly if a campaign could thus be carried out with the grim determination and the slow certainty of irresistible fate, such a procedure would be excellent; but it is too much to expect human nature, and especially military human nature, not to take advantage of the errors or weakness of the enemy, and push forward whenever an opportunity offers, though such advance may not have been included in the original programme. To such a temptation the Russian commanders certainly yielded when they sent General Gourko on his raid across the Balkans, but it has yet to be shown that this was a strategic error. It strikes us as very much the contrary. The expedition, even as it now stands, was eminently a success. And, more than that, it formed part of the original plan of campaign; and from this plan the Russians have not deviated by one single jot.

As we have stated, ever since the preparation of the Russians in the spring allowed the formation of a judgment, the plan was to mask the quadrilateral with the field forces under its protection by one line of troops,

Widdin and Osman Pasha's army by a second line, whilst the centre was to advance on the Balkans and secure the passes, as much for defence as offence. This having been accomplished, the two flank lines were to advance or wheel round, and thus clear the country north of the Balkans. The first part of the plan has been executed to the letter. One line threatens Osman Pasha and Widdin, a second line threatens the quadrilateral and Mehemet Ali, and the centre has possession of one of the best passes over the Balkans. This pass, the Schibka pass, has been gained, not by a dogged, brutal advance in the front of strong positions, but by a genial flank movement, through what was called, and thought to be, and is, an almost impracticable pass. The Russians were thereby enabled to take the principal pass in the rear, and thus force the Turks to retreat precipitately right and left to avoid being crushed by the forces coming from Tirnova and those coming from Kezanlik. At the time no words of praise were too great for General Gourko's daring feat. But now, because, having accomplished the programme to the letter, the Russians have wisely abstained from indulging in a venturesome advance into the interior of the country with two armies on their flanks, it is said they have given up their original plan of campaign. Was there ever such absolute nonsense? It is sad that the question must be answered in the affirmative, for superlative nonsense was reached when the actions at Plevna and Lovatz were magnified into a disaster that might very possibly entirely change the features of the war. But what are the sober facts? Simply that, having carried out the first part of their programme in a brilliant manner, the Russians then proceeded to commence the second part, and suffered a repulse. The repulse may have been severe. It was severe. But when one race is fighting for its very existence, it is next to imbecility to expect that the fighting will not be severe or may be avoided. Nor can it be said that the losses they have sustained were unforeseen by the Russians. They estimated that the passage of the Danube would cost them 10,000 men, or perhaps more. Whether they lost these men on the very banks of the river, or at some little distance from it, is immaterial. Practically the losses at Plevna belong to the operations of crossing the river—and that has been successfully carried out, so that Osman Pasha's "success" comes *post factum*—too late. He has shut the door after the steed has escaped. He has killed the anticipated number of men, but has not prevented the object of the Russians being attained.

Everything is, therefore, proceeding quite satisfactorily for the Russians, as far as the strategical situation is concerned. By a series of reconnaissances, feints, and fallings back, they are gradually luring the Turks on to the advance we laid down for them in our sketch on August 5. They are literally carrying out the plan we then attributed to them. Osman Pasha is advancing on Tirnova *viâ* Selvi; Suleiman Pasha has joined hands with Mehemet Ali, and is also drawing round Tirnova; and Mehemet Ali is advancing on the same place by the roads we mentioned, *viâ* Slataritza and Jakovche, Iljana —or Elena—where the junction between Mehemet Ali and Suleiman was effected, lying between Jakovche and Achmedli.

So much for the Turks. The Russians are, however, also carrying out the operations we indicated—that is, flank movements against Osman Pasha and against Achmed Eyoub. The bombardment of Rahova, in the rear of Osman Pasha's left flank, has begun, and that point is threatened by Russian and Roumanian troops; the bombardment of Rustzuk has been renewed, a bridge has been thrown across the Danube at Pyrgos, south of Rustzuk, and troops are pouring over it. As the Turks advance on the front of the Russian lines east and west of the Yantra, the Russian force from Rahova and Pyrgos advance on the Turkish rear or flank. If the Turks continue their advance they cannot escape the inevitable result. They will be taken between two fires. The danger is so apparent that, unless the Turks have received most important reinforcements, it seems hard to believe that they will care to run the risk. On the other hand, it is difficult to see what they can do now. There was one golden opportunity which they missed, and it is probably now too late to try to retrieve the oversight. If, immediately after the first success of Osman Pasha, Suleiman Pasha had advanced north-west and joined him, while Mehemet Ali moved after him, and faced the Russians on the Osma with a combined force of 160,000 men, as the three Pashas might have done, the movement might well have resulted in forcing the Russians into the very teeth of the quadrilateral or in their flight across the Danube. There was nothing to prevent this operation. After his advance on Kezanlik, Suleiman could easily have obtained possession of the Kalifer-Kanlove pass, and have advanced up the Osma to Lovatz (Lovtcha), whilst Mehemet Ali followed him with 60,000 men, after making a feint attack on the Schibka pass. But now this is most likely too late.

THE SESSION.

It is not for Liberals to complain that the Government have done little this Session in the way of legislation. They were not sent into office to legislate; at least, their majority is generally attributed by members of their own party to the fact that the country wanted a rest from legislation. The country, therefore, ought to be grateful to them for being so sparing in their proposals, and so easy-tempered and yielding in their endeavours to push through such Bills as they introduced. The thing to be feared was that they would seize the opportunity of being in office to forestall the settlement of questions on Liberal principles by dealing with them in a manner agreeable to their party. During their first Session, they attempted to propitiate certain of their supporters by dealing in this way with Endowed Schools; in their second Session, they made a similar effort with regard to the Army Regulation Act; in their third Session, they took up the subject of Elementary Education. But in all three cases they had to be content with comparatively small party gains, withdrawing or softening what was obnoxious in their proposed measures with admirable pliancy in deference to the Opposition. This Session, though their majority remains unbroken, their only attempt at a preventive settlement of a party question—the Burials Bill—suffered a surprising defeat in the House which has always been supposed to be their stronghold. The Lords for once proved themselves the guardians of Liberal principles by defeating this ingenious scheme for dishing the Dissenters under pretence of making provision for the public health. It was a pity that the Commons did not emulate this significant vote by instructing the University Commissioners to remove all clerical conditions from the tenure of College fellowships. A motion to that effect was very nearly carried, even although Mr. Gladstone spoke against it; and the smallness of the majority in favour of clerical restrictions will no doubt have an effect on the action of the Commissioners; still it is to be regretted that the Commons should so far have justified the boast of the Church organs when they tried to console themselves for the defection of the Lords, that clerical privilege could still count upon the support of the Commons.

One of the chief objects of interest this Session has been the leadership of the House in the absence of Mr. Disraeli. The general impression seems to be that Sir Stafford Northcote, though uniformly courteous and generally popular, has shown a want of readiness and resource in his management of public business. It is difficult, of course, to specify instances in support of such an impression, and it is not easy to get a standard by which to judge of fitness for such a post, or to apportion the blame of misadventures fairly between the circumstances and the man. The mistake of first opposing and afterwards accepting Mr. Clare Read's resolution in favour of County Boards, and a motion by another of his own supporters for a Commission of Inquiry on the Stock

Exchange, were vacillations common enough in the reign of Sir Stafford's predecessor, and he may not have been fully responsible for them. The same may be said of the hesitating conduct of the Government in the matter of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Two incidents in the latter part of the Session did much, however, to confirm the general distrust in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's powers of decision. He certainly did waste the time of the House, and put it in an ignominious position, by the imperfection of his first defence of the appointment of Mr. Pigott. Yet here also it would be ungenerous to assent to all the culpability to which he afterwards pleaded guilty without any offer of extenuating circumstances. In his treatment of the obstruction, again, the most memorable feature of the Session, we are not inclined to join in the harsh judgments which have been passed upon the leader of the House. It would have been so much easier to take a high-handed and vindictive line, and at the same time so much more dangerous. One of the first requisites in the leader of a popular assembly is that he should be able to resist the contagion of its excitement. It is true that Sir Stafford's interferences, when he did interfere, were not successful, and possibly not judicious, but then they were mild. The two resolutions by which he sought to cripple the power of the Obstructionists were ridiculously inadequate as means for the absolute prevention of obstruction, but then they were innocuous. It would be impossible to devise any rules which should prevent obstruction in a deliberative assembly, and at the same time be compatible with the proper exercise of its functions. Besides, it must be remembered, we do not say to his discredit, that the present leader of the House has a conscience. He could not altogether forget whence it was that the Obstructionists had derived precedent and encouragement for their proceedings. It is only six years ago since Mr. Gladstone's Government, in its attempt to pass the Army Regulation Bill and the Ballot Bill, were encountered by an Opposition as glaringly factious and obstructive as that which has been offered by the Irish members. Those who read Mr. Parnell's defence of the Irish Obstructionists, and who suppose that its cool effrontery is without a parallel, might derive some amusement, if not profit, from comparing it with its model, the ingenious defence offered by Mr. Disraeli for the conduct of the three Obstructionists of 1871,—Mr. James Lowther, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, and Mr. Beresford Hope. Mr. Disraeli himself had taken no part in the obstruction, for he was a careful observer of the traditions of the House, but he was too watchful and judicious a leader to allow any members of his party to bear undefended the opprobrium which their proceedings had excited out of doors. It was, indeed, a party necessity that some plausible defence should be put forward for the more riotous spirits in the Conservative camp, for the public indignation at this new development of Parliamentary opposition had reached a very serious pitch. The Obstructionists of 1871 had reduced the tactics of opposition by physical force to a perfection which has not been surpassed by their imitators in 1877. The Irish Obstruction, in fact, dwindles into insignificance beside the fact that more than seventy divisions were taken on the Ballot Bill, and that eight sittings were consumed over two clauses. Most of the unseemly incidents which have signalised this Session occurred then—sittings protracted till early in the morning by alternate motions for reporting progress and vacating the chair; tellers coming up to the table hardly able to control their laughter; members rushing in to make motions which they broke down in attempting to explain. Mr. Disraeli's defence of these riotous proceedings has evidently been studied and imitated by Mr. Parnell, and consisted in an elaborate recital of the concessions which the three members chiefly incriminated had succeeded in extorting from the Government. The main difference between the two tales of obstruction lies in the means which were adopted in the respective cases for defeating it. When Mr. Gladstone alluded vaguely, on one occasion, to the possible necessity of having to alter the rules of the House to meet the then novel method of opposition, he was at once met by Mr. Disraeli with a charge of menacing the liberties of the House; and because he advised his side to withdraw from the House in a body, and leave Mr. Newdegate on the fifth night of a debate to declaim to empty benches, he was taunted by Mr. George Bentinck with trying to play Bismarck and Julius Cæsar. The tactics ultimately adopted by the leader of the House, were simply to sit night after night till the Opposition had had as much rope as they wanted. The result of this was that Parliament was not prorogued till August 21; but on the whole that was more seemly than to hurry a Bill through without adequate criticism in a sitting of twenty-six hours.

If the Government deserve praise for doing so little in matters of domestic legislation, the same praise cannot be extended to their foreign policy. The Opposition have been greatly hampered in their criticism of the conduct of the Eastern Question by the fact that it was not so much the avowed policy of the Government that they objected to, as a policy which they feared the Government might be induced to adopt. The Government, indeed, have never avowed any policy except the policy of doing nothing and letting things drift. It is idle to call a profession of strict but conditional neutrality a policy, because it is founded upon the transparent fiction of treating Turkey as a substantial European Power. The substantiality of Turkey is none the less a fiction that Turkish soldiers have so far won respect by their resistance to the tide of Russian invasion. The incurable inefficiency lies in the administrative not in the military capacities of the Turks. A Government cannot be held together by soldiers, however valiant. The most biting sarcasm upon the farce of putting forward neutrality as a policy came from a member of the Cabinet. At the beginning of the Session, Lord Salisbury ridiculed the notion of obtaining good government in Turkey by coercion by saying that there was nothing tangible to coerce. "You have nothing to appeal to," he said. "You appeal to the Sultan. He is afraid of Revolution. You appeal to the Revolution. It has not the faculties to listen to you." There could not be a more vivid picture of an utterly disorganised and helpless State. And if it is a farce to speak of coercing a State where there is no State, it is equally farcical to speak of maintaining neutrality towards it. What the Government ought to be considering, when such is the opinion entertained of Turkey by their own Special Commissioner sent out to take note of its condition, is a substitute for the present anarchy. Instead of letting things drift under a nominal profession of strict but conditional neutrality, they ought to have been taking counsel with other European Powers with a view to settling what can be put in the place of a Government so palpably doomed. It must be confessed that the Opposition have given them little positive help towards settling this question. The Opposition has exercised only a negative effect upon the Government, by saving them from the pressure of the more rowdy spirits of their party and keeping the country out of war. Something more was to be expected in such a crisis as the present. It is much to be regretted that no proposal was made by any member of the Opposition of sufficient authority to command general agreement. The attitude taken by Mr. Gladstone cannot be absolved from blame. He was expected to give the order for advance to his own party, and he contented himself with calling "Halt" to the Government.

OUR INDIAN FRONTIER.

Mr. Grant Duff never speaks in the House of Commons without being instructive, because, unlike a great number of other speakers, he never speaks on a subject of which he knows nothing. On Tuesday he took the occasion of the second reading of the Appropriation Bill to call attention to the apparent change in the frontier policy of the Indian Government as

shown in the occupation of Quetta, the negotiations at Peshawur, and the changes in the Trans-Indus district. But as far as the House of Commons was concerned his able and temperate speech was but lost labour. The watchman waketh but in vain when those who own the property care not to preserve it. There are not half-a-dozen members in the House who know where Quetta is, and the majority of them care more for their own parish politics than the welfare of the Indian Empire. The House have handed over the government of our great empire to the Secretary of State in Council, and he can do what he will. The part the Council play is a very small one. Lord Salisbury is the autocrat of India, and he displays a despot's love of arbitrary power and impatience of criticism. Lord Lytton is his viceregal agent. Lord Northbrook showed independence, and had speedily to return; but Lord Lytton is a delegate, bound to carry out his master's wishes and commands. These are the words of the delegate in the despatch of March:—"The present Viceroy, having had the advantage before leaving England of personal communication with your lordship on the general subject of our frontier relations, was strongly impressed by the importance of endeavouring to deal with them simultaneously as indivisible parts of a single Imperial question mainly dependent for its solution on the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government, which is the ultimate guardian of the whole British Empire, rather than as isolated local matters." We all, unfortunately, know that the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government is one of "masterly activity." What that means, and what it leads to, no man knows. Lord Lytton was sent out to put this policy into action. The Ameer of Afghan was to be taught what "masterly activity" meant. We should very much like to know about those mysterious negotiations which took place between Sir Lewis Pelly and the envoy of the Ameer. Mr. Grant Duff said, the other night, that "he hoped the noble lord would explain how it was that the negotiations at Peshawur, between the agents of the Ameer and the representative of the Viceroy, did not lead to some better state of things." The hope was a vain one. All that Lord G. Hamilton could say was that "he hoped that the frank exchange of opinion which had undoubtedly passed between Sir Lewis Pelly and the Ameer's envoy had removed previous misconceptions, and *would* lead to a restoration of those friendly terms which had formerly existed." Lord Hamilton allows that the old friendly terms no longer exist, and we consider it highly problematic whether they will ever be restored. It is no use concealing the simple truth that Sir Lewis Pelly's mission achieved nothing of any direct importance, except gaining the the order of Knight Commander of the Bath for Sir Lewis himself. The indirect result of the mission was to reveal the true state of the Ameer's feelings towards the Government of India. Mr. Grant Duff rightly said, "the policy of trying to coax him to admit a British Resident into his territory, either at Herat or Cabul, was surely a very doubtful one." According to Lord Lytton, the Ameer was told that, if he desired the friendship of England, we were ready to hold out the right hand of fellowship, but that the Government had a great horror of "*unreciprocated liabilities.*" The Ameer's reply was practical but unpleasant. He did not care a brass farthing whether the Government of India disliked unreciprocated liabilities; he was not at all eager for our friendship, he did not intend to have a Resident at his Court, and he would as heretofore permit no Englishman to enter his territories. Whereupon, as Lord George Hamilton graphically expressed it, "the Governor-General thought it would not be expedient to continue these negotiations which might involve us in fresh complications." There are people who consider it would have been better for our dignity if these negotiations had never been begun.

Mr. Grant Duff in his speech expressed his suspicions and alarm at Lord Lytton's recent conduct towards Khelat. These suspicions and alarm will not grow less when the public know that our frontier policy in India is "mainly dependent for its solution on the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government." We consider that Lord Lytton has acted with firmness and good sense in the Khelat affair. He has not trusted to diplomatic talk and intrigue, but has followed in the footsteps of Napier and Jacob, who, by their straightforward dealing, no less than by force of arms, impressed a respect for the British name. It is acknowledged by all that while Khelat can never be a source of danger to us, it may, if a strong, compact, and friendly State, be of considerable importance in the hour of need should that ever arise. It was impossible to gain a permanent peace or good government for the country without the aid of a certain number of sabres and bayonets. Stationing Captain Sandeman at Quetta, with 1,000 men, in order to keep Khelat in order, was a strong, firm act, to which Lord Lytton was driven by stress of circumstances, and for which he deserves honour. But there is neither strength nor wisdom in it if it is done for the foolish reason of checking the advance of the Russians. Mr. Grant Duff never spoke sounder words than that "the Viceroy should think as little about Russia and her doings as possible." He was also right in wishing to know from the Under-Secretary of State what the stationing of troops at Quetta reallymeant. "Were they to be there permanently or not, and had their being stationed there anything whatever to do with contingencies in Central Asia or Her Majesty's general foreign policy?" Lord George Hamilton's reply was strictly unsatisfactory—"the mere fact that the force was under 1,000 men of itself showed that they were not sent for aggressive purposes." Lord Hartington pointed out that the very smallness of the force may prove to be a source of danger. "The smallness of a force situated in a position of considerable danger almost invites aggression, and further steps might very conceivably become necessary to defend it." The Liberal leader did well to urge the Government to add something more to the point than what Lord George Hamilton had said. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied to the appeal; but all a late Indian Secretary could say was that he had not kept himself familiar with a subject of such great importance to the welfare of our Indian Empire. The leader of the House of Commons, having confessed his ignorance, indulged himself in some stale platitudes. We thus see what an autocrat Lord Salisbury is on Indian questions. He might advance an army into Afghanistan, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer be ignorant of what had taken place. Lord Salisbury's arbitrary power was further illustrated in the course of the debate. Lord George Hamilton said, in reply to Mr. Grant Duff, that the scheme for the reorganisation of the Punjab had not been settled, and the results would be laid before Parliament as soon as anything was decided. This scheme has been condemned by every official of experience in the Punjab, by the majority of the Viceroy's Council, and by the majority of the Secretary of State's Council. Lord Salisbury may, however, establish a new administration of the frontier in October or November, and be good enough to lay a scheme of it before Parliament next February. Comment is unnecessary.

THE IMPERIAL MEETING AT ISCHL.

According to the Continental Press, the meeting between the two German Emperors at Ischl did not surpass the limits of a social interview. The German Emperor inquired after the Austrian Empress, and the Austrian Emperor was much concerned as to the health of the German Empress. At a distance of 200 yards from the "Post" at Strobl, where Francis Joseph was awaiting the arrival of his Imperial guest, the German Emperor commanded halt, and in the middle of the road called his valet to brush the dust off his coat. Having thus been made presentable, he continued his journey, and was soon locked in his Imperial cousin's affectionate embrace. Then addressing the Austrian Emperor's suite, he begged them to cover. Hereupon

the two Emperors got into the Austrian Emperor's carriage. Francis Joseph remarked that it seemed to him as though his people had provided the worst horses in his stable. Emperor William excused the appearance of the cattle on account of the great heat. To this Francis Joseph replied that it *was* very hot, and that the Empress herself found it so. Emperor William unconsciously confirmed the truth of this observation by wiping his brows with a white silk pocket-handkerchief. At Hallstadt the merry monarchs were much amused at the gusto with which the remains of the Imperial lunch—partridge-pie, Strasburg pâtés, and ice-creams, &c.—were enjoyed by the Hallstadt population and the visitors, even "carriage-people," from Ischl. While smoking their cigars, and sipping their post-prandial coffee in the tent erected in the hotel garden on the shores of the lake, the irrepressible Emperor William observed that an enthusiastic admirer, up to his knees in the water, was closely watching all the Imperial movements; and remarked, with a rejuvenescent laugh, "That young man thinks nothing of a cold, at least, as long as he can see us eating." From this it may be inferred that the monarchs were enhancing the enjoyment of their holiday picnic with sweet cakes and bonbons, and perhaps thinking of their juvenile days when they were allowed to come in to dessert. So much for the views transmitted by the telegraph to the great cities and thence to the smaller cities, and thence to the hamlets and villages, whose rustic populations cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the great condescension of the two mighty men in eating and drinking and talking just like themselves—*g'rad' wie Unsereins!*

But, thanks to the indiscretion of a—of the nearest approach to a menial tolerated in the immediate Imperial presence, we are able to state that the German Emperor suddenly took occasion to turn the tide of social conversation with that high-bred ease which makes anything *d propos* of anything else. "*A propos*," said he, "I am much concerned for my nephew. He is really in a difficult position (*er hat einen schweren Stand*). Those internal reforms of his have grown over his head (*seine Reforme sind ihm über den Kopf gewachsen*). If he should suffer any serious defeat—which God forbid!—or even if this unfortunate war is indefinitely prolonged, it is to be feared that outbreaks may occur at home which might easily spread and create considerable difficulties for us all. We should therefore assist him to keep his own people properly in hand (*gehörig in der Hand zu halten*), to make it the easier for us to do the same. *Divide et impera*, my dear Francis!"

"Quite so, my dear William," replied Francis Joseph; "but the question is as to the amount of *Divide*, and on what side the balance is to be. Concessions to national aspirations are always dangerous things. And there is no knowing what concession you yourself might not be obliged to make. Unfortunately we are not our own masters as completely as we ought to be."

"Quite true," replied the Emperor William; "and of course I don't pretend to know what devil's plans that Bismarck is hatching just now (*Was für Teufelspläne der Bismarck jezt ausbrütet, weiss ich natürlich nicht*). But even if Alexander is successful in establishing some insignificant minor States (*unbedeutende Kleinstaaten*) along the Danube, which I sincerely hope he will, it cannot hurt us—I say us, for Germans we both are—whilst it will satisfy some of the Slavs, and increase the jealousy of the others. Leave that to Andrassy. Andrassy is doing very well now (*Der Andrassy macht sich jetzt recht gut*). So I think we need not trouble ourselves about Servia. Depend upon it, my dear Francis, I will take care that our fatherland shall not be prejudicially affected from without, neither in the East nor the West (*dass unser Vaterland keine Beeinträchtigung von Draussen leide*). And you will do me a personal favour also. For if you do not move, I shall not be worried by Bismarck. If you do, I shall not have a moment's peace. Bismarck is a terrible fellow (*Mit dem Bismarck ist schlecht Kirschen essen*). By the way, whom have you got in London?"

"In London?" said Francis Joseph. "Why, Beust."

"Oh, yes, of course; I had quite forgotten that," said the Emperor.

Thereupon the conversation drifted back to the usual holiday talk about the waters, about the weather, and the French elections. Poor Sir Stafford Northcote was also pitied, and a hearty laugh indulged in at Lord Beaconsfield's Olympian isolation, the Emperor William also observing that his British namesake could not see the forest for the trees (*sieht den Wald vor lauter Bäume nicht*).

Thus the Imperial meeting came to an end. The result has been a marked change in the tone of the anti-Russian portion of the German Press. The bitter invectives of the *Cologne Gazette* and other leading papers against Russia have disappeared. Russian "atrocities" are no longer laid on with such glaring colours, and the scorn heaped upon Prince Milan has given way to a "consideration" for Servia's position. Even in Hungary, Servia is beginning to be regarded less as a bugbear and a present danger than as a possibly future danger; and whilst the *Pester Lloyd* still protests loudly against the formation of a great Slav State on the Austrian frontier, it acknowledges that minor States will not endanger the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and contents itself with ridiculing the mighty Empire of Russia for being obliged to seek the assistance of puny little Servia. At the same time the *Pester Lloyd* says that though the two Emperors, in consideration for their absent colleague, have made the action of Servia possible, the political consequences of such a step must not be treated with cavalier *nonchalance*, and laments the continued existence of the Imperial Alliance.

THE ENCLOSURE OF COMMONS.

The enclosure of commons and open spaces is a subject on which, during the last few years, there has been a complete revolution in public opinion. It is not long ago since the enclosure of commons and the cultivation of waste lands were considered acts of undoubted and indisputable utility; and the national importance of enclosure, from an economical point of view, was embodied in an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1845, the preamble of which states in general terms the desirability of promoting the enclosure of waste and common lands. Under the operation of this Act many thousands of acres were enclosed, and it is fair to say roughly that the tracts of land enclosed between 1845 and 1869 were, by a process of natural selection, those which would make the greatest economical return for cultivation. Acting on the principle that the man who can make an ear of corn grow on a spot where only brambles grew before is a benefactor of his species, enclosure began to be regarded as in itself a virtue, and little or no inquiry was made as to its ulterior effects on the condition of the labouring poor in rural districts, nor as to the deprivation which it occasioned to the populations of our large towns of a means of healthful and innocent enjoyment. In enormous slices, the common lands were year by year distributed among private owners, and converted into wheat fields or game preserves, according to the taste and fancy of the landowners of the district. The rights of the poorer commoners to pasturage and other privileges were nominally compensated; but the payment of a small sum of money which could be spent by its immediate possessor was no real compensation to succeeding generations for what they had lost; the poor man's cow, and pig, and geese had had the common stolen from them for ever, and they ceased to exist when their master's only means of maintaining them was gone. The policy of enclosure, however, was not seriously threatened by the suffering which it inflicted on the rural poor; what really checked it in the first instance was the resistance offered to it on behalf of the inhabitants of large and wealthy towns,

who saw themselves being robbed, in the name of political economy, of their playgrounds. "If this heath were enclosed," said the neighbouring landowners, "it would produce a thousand pounds' worth of food for the people every year; the principles of political economy are outraged by keeping it in its present state." The "people," however, took a different view of the principles of political economy. "If this heath is enclosed," they felt, "the food on it will be sold to us for a thousand pounds; but we could import the same quantity of food from abroad for the same money, or for less; and so how are we benefited? If this heath is once destroyed, we lose what no money can ever bring back to us, what we cannot import from abroad: and what compensation do we get? None at all; for the food raised on this land we can buy cheaper from foreign countries."

This conflict between those pecuniarily interested in enclosures and the public has now been waged with great spirit on both sides for the last twelve years. In 1865, when the Commons Preservation Society was formed, nearly the whole of the metropolitan commons were in imminent danger of enclosure. Many of them were in process of total or partial destruction; through the prompt and skilful intervention of this Society it was that many of the most beautiful commons and open spaces round London have been preserved. Hampstead Heath, Wimbledon Common, Wandsworth Common, Barnes Common, Hayes Common, Blackheath, and the Tooting Commons, among many others, have been saved; and it was at the instance of this Society that the City of London undertook the legal proceedings which preserved Epping Forest from destruction.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Society have confined their efforts to the preservation of urban and suburban commons. They have taken a most active part also in the preservation of rural commons, and for the protection of the rights of the poorer commoners in agricultural districts. In 1869, the usual annual Enclosure Bill proposed to enclose nearly 7,000 acres of land, comprising thirteen different commons in various parts of England and Wales. Of these 7,000 acres, the Enclosure Commissioners proposed to set apart six for field-gardens for the labouring poor, and three for purposes of recreation! The Bill was, at the instance of Mr. Fawcett, referred to a Select Committee; the reasons alleged for not making larger grants to the poor are significant of the spirit in which the Enclosure Commissioners did their work; the gist of one was that the ground was undulating, and therefore not suitable for purposes of recreation!

The result of the conflict raised in the House of Commons on this Bill was that Mr. Fawcett succeeded in carrying a resolution to the effect that, pending legislation on the general subject of commons and open spaces, no more Enclosure Bills should be brought before Parliament. The magic words, "pending legislation," were for seven years a complete protection against further enclosures. It was not till last year that either a Liberal or a Conservative Government found time to pass a Bill on the general subject of the enclosure of commons. That Act to a great extent reversed the policy of its predecessor of 1845. Instead of stating generally the desirability of promoting enclosure, the Act of 1876 sets forth that the object to be kept in view by the Enclosure Commissioners is the regulation of commons and open spaces rather than their enclosure; and it, moreover, enacts that proof must be given of public benefit probably arising from proposed new enclosures, and it is obvious that if the evidence on this subject is to be worth anything it must be sought from others than those pecuniarily interested in the enclosure.

Judging from the Enclosure Bill introduced in the Session which has just closed, the Enclosure Commissioners appear to be in no mood to avail themselves of the new regulations of the Act of 1876. They appear to have taken no evidence as to the desirability of regulation as opposed to enclosure except from the very persons who are directly interested in the enclosure; and it was resolved by the Select Committee to which the Bill was referred, by a majority of eight to one, that in all future occasions the Enclosure Commissioners should supplement and support their recommendations by evidence from disinterested parties, and that the assistant Commissioners should be specially instructed with that object. It was also unanimously agreed by the Select Committee to recommend that in each of the four cases dealt with in the Bill the recreation grounds should be augmented by not less than two acres, and that in one case the field allotments should be increased by ten acres.

These resolutions passed by the Select Committee suggest very serious considerations as to the manner in which the Enclosure Commissioners discharge their duties; indeed, they can hardly be regarded as anything short of a vote of censure upon these servants of the public, who seem determined to set aside the conditions which the national will has directly imposed by Act of Parliament upon the further enclosure of commons.

The Enclosure Bill of this Session has rather a curious history; after a short but very rapid career, it was cut short before it reached the final stage of receiving the Royal Assent. The Select Committee to which it was referred met four times; it examined many important witnesses, and its report, with the evidence, &c., fills a Blue-book of 116 pages. The Bill was sent on to the House of Lords before the report of the Commons Committee was printed, and so anxious were their lordships to forward the progress of the Bill that they passed it through all its stages except the third reading before the evidence taken before the Commons' Committee had been printed and circulated. Their lordships were evidently not very desirous of being assisted by the wisdom of the Committee of the Lower House. When the Bill was sent to the Commons, it had the singular fortune to be read a second time in the Lower House by accident. The Government had given an assurance that the Bill would not be proceeded with on the celebrated Wednesday afternoon that concluded the twenty-six hours' sitting. But this prolonged sitting had produced such a *furore* for passing Government measures that the Enclosure Bill was inadvertently read a second time. Thus far the Bill had had a remarkably flourishing career; but its death-blow was in reality struck—it was doomed to be defeated on a point of order. After recommending that the recreation-grounds should be enlarged, the Select Committee ought to have sent the Bill back to the Commissioners to get the consent of the parties directly interested. The chief opponent of the Bill in the Committee, Mr. Fawcett, suggested at the time that this should be done; but whether because all suggestions from that quarter were suspected of some design against the Bill, or from any other cause, the required reference of the Bill again to the Commissioners did not take place, and when the Bill came down to the Commons, eminent counsel's opinion was taken as to its informality, and it was ruled out of order, ad accordingly withdrawn. Thus the present year makes the eighth in which the Enclosure Commissioners have had no work to do.

We learn by a prospectus recently published by the Commons Preservation Society that that energetic and successful body is urgently in need of funds. It is probable that no association has ever done so much with such slender resources; and it is confidently hoped that its appeal to the public for support will not be made in vain.

AN ECONOMICAL PARADOX.

America is now, and has been for several years back, an economical paradox. There are all the undeveloped resources from which wealth is wont to be drawn; and yet poverty is rife, and every variety of trade languishes. The country is young in every sense of the word; and yet it is afflicted with the maladies of old communities. Labour is scarce, as judged by an European standard of plenty; and yet wages are low, and, as Mr. Plunket, secretary to our Embassy at Washington, points out, the emigration from Europe has considerably declined, and a steady increase is perceptible in the return emigra-

tion. Peace brought no recovery of industry. On the contrary, the American workman, who now earns nominally one half of what he earned in 1866, and whose actual earnings have probably declined a quarter, dates the beginning of hard times from the close of the war. The railways, though practically monopolists, able to make their own terms with freighters, pay less wages than they did, and, as their published rates for goods show, they are not able to do more. As to trade in general, Mr. Wells' account of it—"our whole trade is paralysed"—is borne out by too large a mass of concurrent testimony to be in the main disputed. We have known instances of particular branches of business—the trade in soda ash, for example—completely disappearing. Since the war terminated, Englishmen who have had the misfortune to be the owners of shares in American railways have seen with perplexity their dividends dwindle away, and in some instances under circumstances in which it was impossible to suppose that the fault rested with bad or dishonest management. Foreigners who four or five years ago went to the States to push their fortunes, write home that they have been cruelly deceived. "It is not as it once was; in Chicago and St. Louis there are two seeking employment for every one place vacant; we are living in an apparently used-up country." Such is the strain of the common reports touching the condition of things in the States. Some Americans may console themselves by the fact that the balance of trade is always in their favour; but the majority are not so lost to common sense as to persuade themselves that the small dimensions of their import trade, which this implies, is a benefit, or that languishing internal trade can be revivified by the importation of the precious metals. To be sure, late reports indicated some improvement. For four successive months the imports have been increasing; but what is this solitary fact in face of the increase in the number of bankruptcies, the failure of some two millions of men to procure employment, the decline in the consumption of the luxuries of the poor—coffee, tea, and sugar—and the fact that, to quote the words of a well-informed writer, "for the first time in the history of the United States a permanent pauper class is beginning to cause uneasiness."

We cannot say that the malady has been correctly diagnosed. Consult the American newspapers, and you will be told by some that the explanation is to be looked for in the reaction after the activity of war times; by others that the paper circulation is at the root of the mischief; by others, again, that Protectionism is responsible for it all. "Messrs. Fisk, Gould, and Tweedy, and all the other gentlemen who 'watered' stock and made good faith a byword, brought about the distrust which is answerable for the present depression," is another explanation; and we see that the Democratic Convention at Ohio have given it as their opinion that the Republicans ought to bear the blame of the industrial depression. There is probably not one but many causes in operation; and one of the chief, we are inclined to think, is, in fact, that labour is superabundant. We do not mean to say that the pressure of competition among the workmen is so great as it often is with us. It is not so. But for the first time the workmen of the United States are feeling the economical troubles of older countries. We hear, for the first time, of large masses of workmen who ardently wish employment and cannot get it. Socialism and Communism, which have hitherto been the intellectual luxuries of well-to-do, cultivated New Englanders, have shown themselves for the first time among the workmen—a sure sign that hardships are compelling them to turn their attention to fundamental questions of which, in comfortable times, they never thought. It was observed that, whenever the Trainmen's Union declared a strike, they were sure to be seconded by hundreds and thousands of loafers, ready for any desperate action. The late strikes, it is now admitted, were terrible, just because they allowed vent to the pent-up feelings of want and discontent. If not exactly bread riots, they were the nearest to that description of tumult which America has ever witnessed—so near as to excite amazement in the minds of those who cast their eyes back a few years, and consider what the lot of her workmen then was. Labour is, for the time, too abundant in most of the States, and it will be essential to curtail the influx of it for many a day. But we are inclined to think that this is not the primary source of the mischief. If labour is dear, capital is scarce, and, what is of scarcely less consequence, investors are timid. In the first place, it is to be noted that a vast quantity of fixed capital has been sunk in enterprises which have ceased to be productive. Railways and oil wells which promised to yield untold wealth, and which for a time perhaps were really very lucrative, have become almost valueless. In the second place, foreign, and especially English, capital, which used to be forthcoming a few years ago whenever any large undertaking was projected, is now not to be attracted to the States on any terms. The English capitalist has been "bitten" too often, and we doubt whether even the proverbially unwary clergyman or widow now thinks of putting money in American securities. What is the result as regards the condition of the working population? They are suddenly, so to speak, to all intents and purposes, translated from a country where enterprise was active beyond precedent, where labour was ever in demand, to a country in which enterprise has for the time gone to sleep. The change has been very much like that which occurs when a landlord who has been improving, or at least expending money upon, his estate—draining, building new farm premises, or planting—all at once resolves to reduce his expenditure, and discharges his workmen, leaving them to seek employment elsewhere. The United States have, in fact, reduced their expenditure; they have somewhat curtailed the outlay on railways, mines, wells, and other investments for fixed capital; and the result is that there are a number of workmen who now go without employment.

At the same time, the unnatural condition of the currency and the character of the tariff are not without injurious influence at this period. It is essential to return to specie payments; but the transition is trying. The diminution of the currency as it approaches par with gold causes serious inconvenience to trade. Men do not exactly know what their contracts may turn out. Just as an expansion of currency, which has the effect of increasing the quantity of money, and operates favourably on the rate of discount, tends for a time to stimulate trade, so the diminution of it is attended by the opposite signs. Of course, too, the effect of her Protectionist system is peculiarly unfortunate. All but a small fraction of Americans are suffering from the consequences of a tariff which, checking seriously importation, must of necessity check exportation and production. America has raw stuffs without end, which she could produce and exchange for the manufactured articles of European countries. She might effect this exchange with profit to herself. But she chooses to obstruct the entrance of European goods, and this profitable barter cannot take place except on a limited scale.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The warmest friends and the bitterest enemies of our great schools must acknowledge that those institutions, whatever may be their other qualities, have a singular knack of keeping themselves before the public. The particular occasions of this obtrusion are doubtless various. It may be that the head of an aristocratic establishment has addressed one of his assistants in language which no well-bred man would use to his butler. It may be that a boy of eighteen has inflicted corporal chastisement upon a boy of seventeen for imperfect acquaintance with a volume of local jargon. An incompetent fanatic, set over a large school by a body of country squires, may raise party feeling to such a height that a Bishop acts as a spy on his guest, that subordinates claim to sit in judgment on their chief, and that a Vice-Chancellor, in the fervour of his zeal, ignores

alike the demands of justice and the nature of a demurrer. A reverend pedagogue with an eye to business may include in the terminal account with which the confiding parent is favoured the price of a single copy (he wouldn't ask you to take more, honest man) of those sermons which produced so profound an impression on their youthful auditors, but which perchance to gods, men, and publishers labour under the fatal curse of mediocrity. The Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury may be occupied for several days in discussing the precise effect produced upon an instructor of youth by the somewhat mild form of dissipation which consists in dining at the "Criterion." Then the subject may come before us in a sadder and more serious form, and English society may have its equanimity momentarily disturbed by the discovery that a child of twelve prefers death to the monitorial system.

These creditable disclosures have awakened among a certain section of the public a desire to communicate through the medium of the newspapers their own boyish experiences, and their own interesting opinions on the respective merits of various educational establishments. But when all this valuable literature has been duly perused, we doubt whether the average reader, possessed of no special knowledge, feels himself very greatly enlightened or very strongly moved, or even whether any marked effect is produced on the minds of these intelligent disputants themselves by the remarks of their opponents, who are equally convinced that there is no school like their own, but that next to it is the school with which it most frequently plays cricket. It is true that now and again some desultory discussion does arise on two not wholly unimportant topics. One of these is the monitorial system. This peculiarly English institution was once indissolubly connected with a distinguished career, and is still surrounded with the halo of a cherished memory. There are many people still living who meet all criticism upon the existing condition of public schools with the remark that the critic did not know them before the time of Arnold. That famous person's "manly piety," which most of us know from the Dean of Westminster's 'Life,' and all of us encountered in the romance of Mr. Hughes, that quality which dispensed him from the irksome necessity of inquiring into the thickness of his præposters' canes or the fallibility of his præposters' judgments, brought about a tone at public schools which, if their continued existence is to be considered a desirable end, was undoubtedly beneficial. Without it they would since have ceased to flourish. It transformed them from the byeword of religion and the terror of decent people, from targets for the invective of Cowper and the sarcasm of Sydney Smith, into receptacles at whose door the British parent lays aside his responsibility with a sigh of relief, and into whose sacred precincts no emissary of the Government ventures, at ordinary times, to pry. At what cost this change has been produced few care to inquire. Successive scandals may cause spasmodic discussions on this or that incident of scholastic discipline or boyish manners; but what effect the monitorial system has upon the characters of Englishmen is a question of which the answer is invariably assumed, or reached after some such process of reasoning as this. We are superior to all foreigners. A glaring peculiarity of our education is the comparative freedom of little boys from magisterial control, and their consequent subordination to their older schoolfellows. The conclusion is too obvious to be stated. The wiseacres who adopt this species of argument are inaccessible to terrestrial logic. But we would venture to suggest to less facile reasoners that mechanical discipline and apparent order may be purchased at a cost to individual character which can hardly be overestimated; that boys are not best prepared for the imperfect justice and fallible procedure of the world by being submitted to a system which has no counterpart west of Turkey; and that the cultivation of *esprit de corps*, or provincialism, is singularly unnecessary for the English middle class. Yet it is not seriously disputed by those conversant with the subject that the government of boys by boys is stupidly mechanical, vindictively cruel, and regulated by local and traditional associations which make it the proudest boast of many young Englishmen that the school from which they come may be at once discovered in the admirable peculiarities of their behaviour. The great influence and strong character of Arnold may have largely decreased the first and second of these evils. It is quite unnecessary to remind the English public that they greatly intensified the third. The popular opinion on that point was summarised long ago in the epigram which described Arnold's pupils as having gone about so long at school with canes in their hands, shouting out "Silence," that they never in after life relinquished the habit. The plain truth is that boys who are entrusted with the control of other boys may be roughly divided into two classes—those who openly employ their power for their own ease and convenience, of whom some may be cruel and others kind, but of whom none fulfil the purpose of their appointment; and those far more dangerous tyrants, who, professing to act in furtherance of a moral mission, correct the perilous impulses of boyhood by the mature wisdom and large charity of adolescence.

The practice of fagging is another of the points in our public school system about which a good deal has been written at various times. When Mr. Tulliver, in the 'Mill on the Floss,' is discussing the question to what school he shall send his son, he remarks that an "academy" is not to be thought of, because he does not want the lad to spend his time in blacking boots and digging potatoes. Mr. Tulliver's pardonable squeamishness does not seem to be shared by the ordinary British parent. He appears to be quite content that his son should spend a considerable portion of the time which is supposed to be divided between instruction and amusement in relieving the tutor or master from keeping an adequate staff of servants, and in acquiring the rudiments of an education which, if properly directed and extended, might fit the boy for the career of a domestic servant.

Behind these two not wholly uninteresting inquiries lies the broader and deeper question whether our public schools are not conducted on a radically vicious basis. Historically they are a remnant of the monastic system, and as such they scarcely cast the burden of proof upon those who maintain that they are in harmony with the requirements of what a fervid *laudator temporis acti*, once described as the "so-called nineteenth century." Practically, they inculcate a code of morality which may be said to recognise only two vices—physical cowardice and pecuniary dishonesty. Such of them as are frequented by the children of rich parents are apt, as Mr. Gladstone said in his speech at Marlborough, to create and foster a reverence for wealth and a corresponding contempt for poverty. All of them encourage a certain brutality of habit, and produce in the Great Unpaid a class of men whose education, though it may not, as Mr. Arnold says, have done much for their minds (*qua* minds), leads them to regard crimes of violence as far more venial than depredations on game. Nor, if it were a *res integra*, would any reasonable man propose that boys should be brought up at a distance from their homes, and apart from the influence of their mothers and sisters. For the "scions of noble houses" it may be advantageous to mix in societies whose greatest merit it is to be democratic. In overworked or lazy fathers it may be pleasant to evade parental responsibility by means of an annual payment, however grossly in excess of any services rendered by its recipients. But for the average English boy, a system which isolates him from the other sex, and removes him from parental control, which crushes individuality and encourages arbitrary conventionalism in its most grotesque forms, which cannot exist without degrading methods of punishment, or perpetuating the hostility of classes arising from mutual ignorance, is surely not the most perfect that can be devised; and if the recent death at Christ's Hospital leads to a reconsideration of the whole subject, those whose conduct drove Gibbs to suicide may have done more good than they intended.

HABITUAL DRINKING.

The recent grave scandal at Dulwich once again brings into prominent notice a question with which the names of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Henry Thompson have long been associated. Dulwich, like most other public schools, has squabbles and disputes of its own. Its masters are divided into two factions, of which one sides with Dr. Carver, the warden, who represents the old order of things; and the other with the new body of governors, who represent modern ideas. Foremost among the "Carverites" was a certain Mr. Hume, a gentleman of considerable position and ability, and one of the assistant-masters of the school. Foremost among the progressive party was a Mr. Marshall, a gentleman who had taken high honours at Oxford, and who, being in orders, naturally regards small moral shortcomings somewhat more strongly than he might have done had he remained a layman. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Hume from cross purposes came to angry words, and from angry words to open hostility. At last Mr. Marshall felt it his painful duty to accuse his colleague of habitual intoxication. Such a charge is a very serious one to prefer against a master in a public school. Mr. Hume, on his part, had no resource but to sue Mr. Marshall for defamation. The governors on their part, instituted, at Mr. Marshall's instance, an inquiry into Mr. Hume's conduct. What the result of this inquiry may be is not yet known. The trial, however, ended in a substantial triumph for Mr. Hume. Eleven of the jury wanted to award him 500*l.* damages; the twelfth was determined on a verdict for the defendant. To avoid the *contretemps* of a disagreement, a compromise was arrived at, and a verdict for 40*s.* was given for the plaintiff.

We have no wish to enter into the details of this miserable squabble. Mr. Hume has vindicated his character, and the matter is at an end. At the same time, the evidence which was adduced on behalf of the defendant is interesting, as showing how easily a charge of intemperate habits can be trumped up. Mr. Hume, it seems, is an eminent Freemason, and, after his day's work at Dulwich is over, is in the habit of going up to town to attend the meetings of his Lodge. Several friends of Mr. Marshall had seen him more than once returning to Dulwich by the late train, and had formed the conclusion that he was intoxicated. Not a single overt act (if we may use a lawyer's phrase) was proved against him. He had never fallen asleep in his railway carriage, and been taken miles beyond his destination; he had never tumbled or fallen on the platform, or at the stations, or in the street; he had never assaulted anybody, or been assaulted by anybody; he had never been given in charge. In default of any positive proof of this kind, the evidence offered by Mr. Marshall was of the kind known to logicians as "cumulative." Mr. Hume is an Irishman, and it appears that he has occasionally been known to drink a glass of whisky or a tumbler of brandy and soda-water at eleven in the morning. Several witnesses deposed that on several occasions he had, in their judgment, "smelt strongly" of spirits. Some of them went so far as to express their conviction that he had "reeked." Gentlemen who had seen him late at night stated that to the best of their belief he "had been drinking." Such was really the whole of the evidence, and it is easy to understand the honest indignation which led the majority of the jury to find for the plaintiff. A charge of drunkenness is as odious as any that can be brought against a gentleman. It is easily brought; it is with the greatest difficulty disproved; and no sympathy is deserved by the man who brings such an accusation recklessly, and, when called upon to substantiate his words, has nothing upon which to fall back but vague and uncertain rumour.

Nothing is more difficult than to determine the exact line at which drinking in moderation passes over into drinking in excess. Sir Henry Thompson, and those who agree with him, would seem to hold that three or four glasses of wine at dinner, two good glasses after, and a glass of spirits and water before going to bed, is excess of the very grossest kind. Other people take a more liberal and sympathetic view. Some eminent authorities assure us that alcohol is a deadly poison; that it contains no nutritive principles whatever; that it passes through the body unchanged; and that its sole effect is to permanently injure the vital organs. Authorities of equal eminence assure us that alcohol is a distinct article of food; that the body assimilates it; and that it is not more injurious than are potatoes or beefsteak—either of which will kill a man if he takes too much of them. When we find Sir Henry Thompson and Dr. Gully on the one side, and on the other men like Dr. Burney Yeo and the late Dr. Todd, it would be presumptuous in a layman to venture on an opinion. All that is certain is that, in some shape or other, alcohol must be a food. Patients in cases of typhoid and cholera can be kept alive for days by brandy. The thing has been done so often that it is impossible to question it. On the other hand, although alcohol is no doubt a useful addition to our ordinary diet, if taken in limited quantity, the question must inevitably arise whether we are not likely to take too much of it. Specialists, who make the effect of alcohol upon the nervous and glandular system their particular study, tell us very alarming stories. A specialist, however, is always apt to be an alarmist. The judgment of the average layman, if he brings his common sense to bear upon the matter, is more likely to be sound. We have only to ask ourselves how many there are amongst our friends and acquaintances who habitually drink more than is good for them. It is not difficult to answer the question, for drinking is a vice to which a man cannot possibly addict himself without detection. We believe that, as a matter of fact, the number of habitual drunkards amongst educated and professional men is exceedingly small. There are many reasons why this should be the case. Drunkenness is now regarded as disgraceful. If a man of any position were seen manifestly drunk, he would lose his place in society; he would be for a day or two the talk of the town; he would almost certainly be kicked out of his club. Fifty years ago it was so ordinary an occurrence for a gentleman to be "overtaken," that nobody noticed it, except for the purpose of pointing a passing jest. If we wish to understand the difference between our own habits and those of our fathers, we cannot do better than refer to the 'Pickwick Papers.' The 'Pickwick Papers,' it has been deservedly said, "reek of brandy and water." From the first chapter to the last, every character in the book (Mr. Samuel Weller perhaps alone excepted) is perpetually getting drunk. Were Mr. Pickwick amongst us to-day, he would have very materially to reform his conduct. On the other hand, although we do not get drunk so openly and regularly as our fathers did, it may be doubted whether we do not drink a very great deal more than we ought. A pernicious practice has come into fashion of taking what are known as "nips" at all hours of the day; and a well-regulated man, who would no more dream of getting drunk at dinner than he would of flying or of committing highway robbery, will take half-a-dozen glasses of sherry and as many more tumblers of brandy and soda before his day's work is over. Our forefathers, who led a healthy out-door life, seldom drank—unless it were a glass of ale—until dinner-time. At dinner-time and after it they deliberately did their best to intoxicate themselves, and usually succeeded. Civilisation has so far advanced that intoxication has become discreditable; but it is a question whether, as a mere matter of health, the practice of "nipping" is not even more injurious than were the habits of our ancestors. At the same time it must be remembered that, according to the best opinions, alcohol is, if we may use the phrase, a direct food for the brain; and the fact that many of us drink as much as, if not more, than our fathers did, can be charitably explained by the further fact that we work much harder than they did, and more continuously. Very few men of eminence have been teetotallers, and of only too many it is upon record that

they used to drink too much. Brain work entails a certain mysterious waste in the system. A man cannot be always taking small quantities of food; but he can always take a glass of wine. It is a significant fact that the most approved mode of treating dipsomaniacs is by substituting beef-tea for their customary "nip." The whole subject is evidently one on which we have very much to learn. Meantime, whether Sir Henry Thompson be right or whether Dr. Yeo, it is clear that a charge of drunkenness is one which, if lightly preferred, ought to be regarded as a very serious libel; and from this point of view we could wish that the jury in the Dulwich case had marked their sense of Mr. Marshall's conduct more significantly.

THE DUTCH MARGATE.

Whether it was eccentricity or necessity which induced the founders of the Hague to deposit that city some miles from the sea, in the very middle of nothing, they showed at least an admirable social tact in doing so, for it obliged their descendants to seize on the nearest bit of seaboard and to create there a charming holiday village. With none of the discomfort of a mercantile town, none of the dirt and smells of a seaport, the Hague yet enjoys all the amenities of what we understand by the sea-side. The Vijver, that square lake of dark water, shaded by lime-trees, in which the Mauritshuis casts its fine reflection, forms the heart of the capital of Holland, and gives the key-note to the character of the city. Paul Potter's Bull looks down into it on moonlight nights, and its vapours help the gloomy feeling of Rembrandt's unequalled "Anatomical Lesson." Within sight of the waters of the Vijver, Barnefeldt was arrested and executed. From this point the broad streets of the Hague, with all their elegant and serene refinement, radiate to the parks and fields. From the Vijver, then, the centre of the old city of the Courts of Holland, we should pass, with the most violent contrast possible, to the gay new Margate of Scheveningen; and it is, in point of fact, specially charming that the tramway which connects the Hague with the sea starts from the side of the old lake.

We hang about on a Sunday afternoon with the little crowd that collects about the tram station, and make ready, when the long green vehicle trundles up, to dart up on the roof at once. No room for dignity, or all chance of a place is lost. Every two or three minutes the trams continue to empty the town in this way, and rattle northwards through the avenues of limes carrying the citizens to their beloved *cafés* on the sands. Joining one of the parties, we find ourselves hurrying through the trimmest and most fashionable part of the Hague, and crossing at last the broad Java Street, whose splendid façades testify to the wealth and somewhat captious taste of its inhabitants. The town ends there; and we enter a maze of woodland, a golden-green darkness of lime leaves, through which the straight line of the New Way to Scheveningen cuts like a ray of light. Here and there a bright *café* breaks the line of trees, spick and span with its myriad of yellow tables and yellow seats. At last the thick wood gives way to a narrower avenue, and presently ceases as we creep with subdued pace into the narrow street of the village of Scheveningen. What a swarm of souls crammed into one straight way! They buzz, they clatter, they chatter; and we crawl slowly through, humanely hesitating lest we crush several. From the windows of the bright, clean houses, groups lean out and converse amicably with new arrivals below. Yellow tables and yellow chairs, beer, and schnaps, and kirschwasser reign on the second and first, no less than on the ground, floor. We come at last to a great church—the baldest in all creation—probably, and beyond it the ground rises in a high ridge. Behind that ridge is the sea, just behind, but wholly out of sight; and the tram wheels round the church, and runs for half a mile more till it stops in front of an enormous hotel set down on the very edge of the aforesaid sandy hump. Toil up to the further side of it, and turning the corner you will suddenly come in sight of what Scheveningen really is. An immense stretch of sea, a line of straight coast, without a creek, running nearly directly north and south, an endless expanse of fine white sand, most excellent for the spades and buckets of tender youth, and a series of terraces in the dunes, each of which terraces has its special character. The highest is an enormous *café*. The system of yellow tables and yellow chairs reaches here its apotheosis. At hundreds of tables contemplative Holland drinks its coffee and its schiedam, gazing over the infinity of waters, full to the west, and increasing every hour in subtlety and delicacy of colour. He possibly remembers that off this very shore, in sight of the fishermen of the Scheveningen of those primitive days, the gallant De Ruyter defeated the combined navies of England and France. It is more likely that Mynheer, who has lately arrived with portly Mevrouw on his arm, is more occupied with reconnoitring the crowd, in order not to fail in bowing, with a wave of the hat, to every stray acquaintance. As to Mejufvrouw, their daughter, in the ringlet curls, there is no doubt what she is thinking about. Now pensive, now playful, she acts an innocent part with infinite transparence; but fails entirely to win the eye of her brother's friend, the exquisite in new black cavalry dress, whose crimson facings and wonderful white streamers give him such a mountebank air. We turn from Mejufvrouw, with her Brussels fashions, to the servant girls and peasant women that throng the promenade, and to the startling children that hover from table to table, pouncing upon deserted lumps of sugar. These girls, with their stiff lilac gowns, clapping shoes, and shrewd brown faces, would be odd enough without the inexpressible strangeness of their head-gear. Here are strangers from Rotterdam and Zealand, with great spiral horns of gold, like the antlers of some African antelope, projecting on each side of their head; here are the true Hague women, with a shell of silver or mother-of-pearl rounded to fit each side of the head, and over hair and all a lace cap drawn tightly; two little flaps, like butterflies, of gold or filigree, dart from behind each ear. But a rare visitor or two, from Friesland, outdoes these local ladies, and with her head girdled with barbaric gold and pearl, and even with diamonds, carries her dowry with her in her headdress.

A little lower than the *café* runs a promenade, crowded with a moving motley population, and, lower still, impetuous youth careers on long-legged ponies, or digs and dabbles in the sand. Along the sea-edge, the only points which break the monotonous line are the picturesque fishing-boats of the villagers, drawn up on shore, with the bright broken line of sea behind them, just as Mesdag and the modern landscape painters of the Hague delight to reproduce them.

If we stroll up to the *café*, and order a glass of kirschwasser and a cigar, we shall be well repaid, though the first be thin and the second somewhat gritty. How delightful the group at our side of three fat little Dutchmen, with big black eyes, whispering and consulting about some very grave matter, with occasional lifting of the hands to heaven! It might be a synod of dormice; and what a rare figure of fun is not this tiny boy now bravely advancing under the lee of his mother's skirt! Consider the dowdiness of his nether garments, the sparseness of his jacket, and then lift your eyes to his cavalry helmet with its big red plume. It is a very quiet, good-natured, easy-going crowd; among these thousands of persons, all making holiday, there are visible no rioters, no roughs. It is a thoroughly *bourgeois* crowd; but even the *bourgeois* have their merits, and nowhere more than in a crowd.

Three-quarters of a mile of the straight, featureless coast is occupied by this concourse of comfortable people. All the Hague is localised here out of doors on a summer evening. Go a little way further, north or south, along the shore, and you are at once alone with the infinite stretch of sea and the bare white dunes. They are not a rambling people, these Dutch, and there

is not much in their shore to tempt them to roam. One might stroll along the downs for fifteen miles, till one came to Katwijk, where Leyden has a poor little imitation of Scheveningen, and not meet a single soul. Everywhere the staring white wall of sand looks right across the North Sea to Yarmouth, without a turn, without a break. There is a wonderful charm about this desolation. Nowhere do the long lines of wave and cloud seem grander, nowhere the tender, long-drawn tones of twilight fade into one another more harmoniously. Scheveningen looks full into the west, and its sunsets are famous for their unbroken brilliancy of effect. There is no foliage, no strong chiaroscuro of chasm or cliff, to disturb the pearly radiance that gathers on the face of the waters, or kindles in the fading sky.

But the lights have long been lit on the promenade; the hotel and the *café* are a blaze of lamps, the band has surpassed itself in its last magnificent flourish, and the good folks are beginning to stream back again to town as fast or faster than they came. If our horses walked through the village as we arrived, they crawl as we return, for the narrow street is absolutely blocked with citizens, and the tram may scarcely walk so fast as a foot passenger. At last we emerge into the wood again, and recover our speed, for the crowd melts on each side under the delicious canopy of leaves. We return to the Hague with a conviction that the favourite Dutch watering-place is a very pleasant and agreeable one, and especially suited to satisfy the requirements of the national character.

WILLIAM LOVETT.

The old Chartist whose remains were laid in Highgate Cemetery on Monday last led a very remarkable and honourable life. Cases are common of distinguished men outliving their reputation. The author of 'Ten Thousand a Year' and 'The Diary of a Late Physician,' who died the other day, may justly be said to have outlived his reputation; his books were little read when he died, and he had long ceased to claim any of the honours of literary toil. William Lovett also had disappeared from the glare of public life for more than a quarter of a century before his death; few people knew that the chief author of the People's Charter was still living among them. But there was this great difference between the two men, that poor old Lovett never had a fair share of reputation to outlive. His name was well known to the readers of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' but it was associated with a disreputable notoriety; it was a name of bad and not good repute. To be a Chartist and a leader of Chartists was to be a miscreant, an idle turbulent demagogue, a hater of honest work, an inciter to universal spoliation. There were Chartists and Chartists; but the great bulk of the contented classes, panic-stricken by the wild language of some of their number, which seemed to point to an armed insurrection for the purpose of effecting a redistribution of property, were too excited to draw fine distinctions, as they supposed, among these sanguinary agitators, and detested them indiscriminately as inhuman monsters or dangerous fanatics banded together to subvert the foundations of society. Lovett, and others like him—quiet, shrewd, earnest, hard-working men—perplexed at the inequalities of the human lot, but honestly seeking to raise themselves and their order by peaceable means, indignant where they saw the poor palpably oppressed by the rich, but without a thought of despoiling any rich man of his goods—had to bear the sins of their more turbulent associates. And it must have been an occasion of mixed feelings for such of them as survived till recent times to see some of their aims realised, the legality and propriety of their methods universally acknowledged, their flag unfurled even by the leader of the Conservative party, while their names remained under a stigma which was fastened upon them during a period of general alarm. Only the historian now knows that there were "moral-force Chartists" and "physical-force Chartists," and that the one section separated itself earnestly and decidedly from the other as soon as its tendencies were clearly manifested. Lovett deprecated and denounced the inflammatory harangues of Feargus O'Connor as strongly as Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel. But both agitated for the Charter, both professed the name of Chartist, and they figure in the public memory branded with the same stamp of condemnation. When Lovett wrote against O'Connor as the Marplot of the Chartist cause, as a malignant influence that had "blighted everything that was pure and intellectual in the movement," and O'Connor sneered at Lovett's principles of action as "moral-force humbuggery," contented citizens rejoiced as at a quarrel among thieves; and the general mind has not troubled itself to reverse this view of the rival leaders of Chartism, so unjust to the man whose whole crime was being the advocate of unpopular opinions.

Looking at the matter historically, it is easy to see how Lovett and his moral-force friends were led to adopt the various points in the People's Charter, without ever suspecting themselves of being enemies to social order. Lovett was born in the first year of the century, in so humble a position that when he grew to manhood he had not even a handicraft to live by. Hence he felt very closely the pressure of the distress which followed upon the protracted Napoleonic wars, lived in the midst of it, counted the victims of it among his own personal acquaintances. Presently he found a panacea proclaimed—Parliamentary Reform, Representative Government. Week after week, month after month, he read the language of philanthropists and party enthusiasts, who believed that they had found in this a sovereign specific for all the disorders of the Commonwealth. Only let the people be properly represented, he heard them cry, and prosperity and content will once more return to the distracted country. Great things were done by a Reformed Parliament, but it could not fulfil all the hopes that had centred round it. It could not remove the deeper causes of social misery. Slavery was abolished, the municipal corporations were reformed, the New Poor Law was passed; but the poorer classes did not get that complete alleviation of their hardships for which they had fondly hoped. They still, however, believed in the panacea. Lovett and his friends, working honestly by their lights, taking too seriously what they had heard from their betters about Parliamentary Reform, concluded that the evil lay in the imperfect application of the cure. They set to work accordingly to consider how the representation of the people could be more effectually secured. Nothing could have been farther from their thoughts than a violent subversion of society, an armed attack upon property. Their whole study was how to perfect the Parliamentary machine. Every one of the six points of the Charter was directed towards this object. Mr. Molesworth gives a very impartial account of their aims and motives in his History. "They proposed," he says, "to confer the franchise on every adult man, though they were not yet prepared to adopt the suggestion of Coleridge, and bestow it also on unmarried women. But, even if this point should be gained, there were other difficulties to be removed before their principle could have its full realisation. The voter might be bribed, influenced, or intimidated into giving a vote contrary to his conviction, or not voting at all. To meet this difficulty, it was proposed that all votes should be given secretly. The voter should therefore be protected by the ballot. Again, the vote of a man who lived in a town with a population of more than 300,000 persons had evidently much less influence in the result of a contest than that of a man who inhabited a borough of only 300 or 400 inhabitants. The remedy for this anomaly was to divide the country into electoral districts nearly equal in population. It might happen also that the man whom the majority of the electors deemed best fitted to represent their views in the House of Commons, might be too poor to bear the cost of a election, or the loss and expense of a residence in London. It was therefore suggested that all members of the Lower House should be paid for the perform-

ance of their legislative duties. Lastly, the member sent to represent a district in the House of Commons might prove recreant to the pledges he had given his constituents, and might totally *mis*represent those who sent him thither. This difficulty it was proposed to meet by making elections annual, so that the unfaithful representative would be speedily punished, and the disappointed constituency would be able very soon to replace him by another, who would more truly represent their opinions. Considerations such as these led the members of what was called the extreme radical party to advocate universal or rather manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, equal electoral districts, annual Parliaments, and the payment of members of the House of Commons. To the argument that the people were not sufficiently educated to make a wise and proper use of the privileges which the adoption of this plan would bestow on them, it was answered that the people never would be educated until they obtained the power of voting for representatives in Parliament."

Lovett never proposed to employ anything but moral force for the accomplishment of these reforms. He was as innocent of inciting to armed revolt as the present advocates of the Permissive Bill. The programme of the men with whom he worked was to use the now recognised engines of English politics—to hold public meetings and make speeches. But, it will be said, this cannot be the case, because Lovett was actually imprisoned for a year in Warwick Gaol for being one of the ringleaders of a Chartist riot at Birmingham. It is but just, however, to hear Lovett's own account of this affair. According to this account, the origin of the riot was as follows:—During the agitation for the Reform Bill, the middle classes of Birmingham were in the habit of meeting in the Bull-ring, in conjunction with the working classes, during a portion of their dinner hours, and in the evening, for the purpose of hearing the news of the day; when stirring appeals from the newspapers were read, and speeches made regarding the measure then before Parliament. When the agitation for the People's Charter commenced, the working classes, following the example of their former leaders, began to hold their meetings also in the Bull-ring. There was nothing riotous in these meetings; they were perfectly peaceable demonstrations; but the authorities of the town, having gone as far as they judged prudent, having secured as much reform as they thought expedient, did not show themselves enlightened enough to tolerate a difference of opinion. They saw danger to the public safety in these new meetings in the Bull-ring, and interfered to put a stop to them. Very naturally, the assembled multitude objected. They refused to disperse, and the local police was not strong enough to cope with them. Accordingly, the Birmingham authorities sent to London for a detachment of metropolitan police. When this reinforcement reached Birmingham, there was a crowd in the Bull-ring listening to a person reading a newspaper. There was no disorder, but the meeting had been prohibited, and the police at once essayed to disperse it. The crowd fled before the truncheons, which were freely used, but, greatly exasperated, tore up the railings round a churchyard, and, armed with these weapons, returned to the charge, and routed their assailants. Lovett was not in the crowd; his offence was writing, as secretary of the Chartist Convention, a strongly-worded placard, in which the interference of the police was denounced as "a flagrant and unjust outrage on the people of Birmingham." He never sanctioned the employment of force to secure the objects of the Charter, and the leaders of the movement did their utmost to prevent the multitude from repelling force by force.

For the last twenty-seven years of his life Lovett took no active part in political agitation. The chief reason for this was his declining health; but it was partly due, no doubt, to the wreck of the Chartist movement, for the time being, by the ascendency of the advocates of physical force. The collapse of the meeting on Kennington Common on April 10, 1848, was the death-blow to Chartism under that name. O'Connor and his fellow-blusterers had entirely overwhelmed moderate men like Lovett, and involved them in an evil repute against which they found it vain to struggle. But though Lovett ceased to agitate, on the platform at least, for Parliamentary Reform, he by no means remitted his public spirit. He had begun to see, chiefly under the influence of Mr. William Ellis, one of the few surviving members of the Bentham and James Mill set, that other means for social amelioration were equally worth striving for. He frankly admits, in the autobiography published last year, that his acquaintance with Mr. Ellis dispersed many of his social illusions. It is a singular instance of openness of mind that this self-educated man, who had worked so hard in one direction, should, at the age of fifty, embark upon a new career, and abandon many of his old prejudices. There could not be a more convincing proof of earnestness in the search for truth. And when once Lovett's mind was opened to the importance of social science, and the widespread mischief due to an imperfect knowledge of its laws on the part both of masters and of men, he co-operated heartily with Mr. Ellis in his efforts to get it made part of ordinary school instruction. He felt the paramount importance of this knowledge "as the chief and secure basis of morality, of individual prosperity, and national happiness," and he saw enough to convince him that it was quite within the range of the ordinary capacities of school children. It probably will be some time before the subjects of school instruction become an exciting topic of popular discussion; and when that time comes, Lovett will probably have been still more forgotten than he is now; but it deserves to be mentioned, as a proof of the singular honesty and earnestness of the man, that he threw himself with enthusiasm into an agitation of such deep importance and small notoriety.

It generally happens that there is a curious contrast between the actual appearance and manners of the advocate of unpopular opinions, and the conception of him formed by the general public. Lovett had none of the look of the bloodthirsty spoliator that popular fancy painted him. He was a thoughtful, cultivated-looking man, of quiet, unobtrusive manners. Some anecdotes are told of this discrepancy between the real man and the popular bugbear. Travelling one day in an omnibus, he found himself side by side with a geological amateur, who had an armful of specimens. Now Lovett in his old age had studied geology—he also, it may be mentioned, wrote a very useful manual of physiology for schools—and the two got into conversation. At parting, his companion offered to show him some other rare specimens, and they exchanged cards. "William Lovett! What? Not Lovett, the Chartist? You don't look in the least like *that*." The stranger expected to see a ruffian with one eye and a red beard, and more interest in brickbats than the properties of stones. A more amusing incident happened in the house of Mr. Ellis, at Croydon, on the Sunday before the eventful meeting on Kennington Common. Lovett was there talking quietly to Mr. Ellis and his family when a neighbour entered, a Surrey magistrate, who was charged with an important part in keeping order next day. The worthy man was fully resolved to do his duty; but he hardly hoped to come out of the encounter alive, thinking that he, as a magistrate, would be a prominent mark for the rioters, and he was naturally in a state of great excitement. He could talk of nothing but the expected insurrection, and gave vent to very strong language against the men who were thus endangering the public peace. Presently he took his leave, and at the door Mr. Ellis asked him if he knew who that quiet-looking man was who sat in the corner and took no part in the conversation. When the magistrate heard Lovett's name he was beside himself with terror. "Good God, Ellis!" he cried, "why did you let me go on like that? I shall be shot to a certainty." He did not know that Lovett was a moral-force Chartist, who disapproved of O'Connor's turbulence as much as himself, and had issued placards exhorting all friends of the Charter to patience and peaceable means.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

—o—

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INROAD OF PALE FACES.

But we were not always to be preached at by this miniature Madame Solomon. We had not come three or four thousand miles to be lectured up hill and down dale. Even our stern teacher herself forgot her moralities when, after a long night's rain, Boston received us with breezy blue skies, cool winds, and a flashing sunlight that broke on the stirring trees. We breathed once more—after the heat of New York and the dust of Saratoga. We walked along the pavements, and, as we had always been told that Boston was peculiarly English, we began to perceive an English breadth of frame on the part of the men, an English freshness of complexion on the part of the women. We shut our eyes to the fact that the shops were more the shops of Brussels than of Brighton. Surely these were English clouds that swiftly crossed the sky; English trees and parks that shone fair in their greenness; an English lake that was rippling in waves before the brisk breeze? And then, again, away down in the business part of the city, amid tall warehouses and great blocks of stores, how could we fail to notice that that was the Atlantic itself which we suddenly caught glimpses of at the end of the thoroughfares, just as if someone, tired of the perpetual grey and red of the houses, had taken a huge brush and dashed in a stroke of brilliant cobalt across the narrow opening?

"Ships go from here to England, do they not?" asked Lady Sylvia, once, as we were driving by a bit of the harbour.

"Certainly."

She was looking rather wistfully at the blue water, and the moored steamers, and the smaller craft that were sailing about.

"In a fortnight one could be back in Liverpool?"

"Doubtless."

But here our Bell broke in, laying her hand gently on the hand of her friend.

"You must not think of going back already, Lady Sylvia," she said, with a smile. "We have got to show you all the wonders of our western country yet. How could you go back without seeing a buffalo hunt?"

"Oh," said she, hastily, and the beautiful pale face flushed somewhat. "I was not thinking of that. It was a mere fancy. It seems so long since we left England—and we have come so great a way—that it is strange to think one could be back in Surrey in a fortnight."

"We cannot allow you to play truant, you know," said Queen T., in her gentle way. "What would everyone say if we allowed you to go back without seeing Niagara?"

"I assure you I was not thinking of such a thing," said Lady Sylvia, seriously—as if she were afraid of grievously offending Niagara—"would not everyone laugh if I were to show homesickness so soon?"

But all the same we could see that she never looked at these blue waters of the Atlantic without a certain wistfulness; and as it happened we were pretty much by the seaside at this time. For first of all we went down to Manchester, a small, scattered, picturesque watering-place overlooking Massachusetts Bay—the Swiss-looking cottages of wood dotted down anywhere on the high rocks above the strand. And when the wild sunset had died out of the western skies—the splendid colours had been blinding our sight until we turned for refuge to the dark, intense greens of the trees in shadow—we had our chairs out on the verandah, up here on the rocks, over the sea. We heard the splashing of the waves below. We could vaguely make out the line of the land running away out to Cape Cod; and now the twin lights of the Sisters began to shoot their orange rays into the purple dusk. Then the moon rose; and the Atlantic grew grey; and there was a pale radiance on the rocks around us. Our good friends talked much of England that long, still, beautiful night; and now it seemed a place very far apart from us, that we should scarcely be able to recognise when we saw it again.

Then we went to see some other friends at Newport, arriving just in time to get a glimpse of the afternoon-drive before the people and their smart little vehicles disappeared into those spacious gardens in which the villas were partly hidden. The next morning we drove round by the sea; and now the sun was burning on the almost smooth water, and there was a fresh smell of seaweed, and the tiny ripples curled crisp and white along the pebbly bays. Our Bell began to praise the sea. Here was no churned chalk; but the crystal sea-water of the northern shores that she loved. And when she turned her eyes inland, and found occasional glimpses of moorland and rock, she appealed to Lady Sylvia to say if she did not think it was like some part of Scotland, although, to be sure, there was no heather here.

"I have never been in Scotland," said Lady Sylvia, gently, and looking down. "I—I almost thought we should have gone this year."

There was no tremor at all in her voice; she had bravely nerved herself on the spur of the moment.

"You must go next year; Mr. Balfour will be so proud to show his native country to you," said Queen T., very demurely; but we others could see some strange meaning in her eyes—some quick, full expression of confident triumph and joy.

And how is it possible to avoid some brief but grateful mention of the one beautiful day we spent at Cambridge—or rather, outside Cambridge—in a certain garden there? It was a Sunday, fair, and calm, and sweet-scented; for there were cool winds blowing through the trees, and bringing the odours of flowers into the shadowed verandah. Was not that bit of landscape over there, too—the soft green hill, with its patches of trees, the hedges and fields, the breezy blue sky with its floating clouds of white—a pleasant suggestion of Surrey? There was one sitting with us there who is known and well-beloved wherever, all over the wide world, the English tongue is spoken; and if that gracious kindliness, which seemed to be extended to all things, animate and inanimate, was more particularly shown to our poor stricken patient, who could wonder who had ever seen her sensitive mouth and pathetic eyes? Of whom was it written—

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended?"

If she could not quite say that as yet, her sorrows were for the moment at least forgotten; and she sat content, and pleased, and grateful. And then we had dinner in an old-fashioned room of the old-fashioned house, and much discourse of books; the mute listener, having won the favour of all, being far more frequently addressed than anybody else. The full moon was shining on the trees when we went out into the clear night. It was shining, too, on the Charles River, when we had driven on along the white road; and here, of course, we stopped to look at the wonderful picture. For beyond this flashing of

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silver on the rippling water, the river was bounded by a mass of houses, that were black as midnight in the shadow; and here and there a dusky spire rose solemnly into the lambent sky; while down below there was a line of lamps, burning in the dark like a string of ruddy jewels. These were the only points of colour—those points of orange; all else was blue and silver—a dream of Venice.

What more is to be said about Boston, before we leave it for the mystic woods and lakes of Chingachgook, whose ghost we hope to see emerge from the dim forest, in company with that of the simple-minded Deer-slayer? Well, a word must be said about the great thoughtfulness of our good friends there, who took us to see every place and thing of note—except Bunker's Hill. They most scrupulously avoided all mention of Bunker's Hill—just as a Scotchman would rather die than mention Bannockburn in the south—and, to tell the truth, we never saw the place at all. This is much to be regretted; for the visiting of such scenes is most useful in refreshing one's knowledge of history; and, indeed, this courtesy on the part of our Boston friends led to a good deal of confusion afterwards. For, one evening up in Canada, when Bell had been busy with her maps, she suddenly cried out—

"Why, we never went to see Bunker's Hill."

"Neither we did," was the reply.

"And it is close to Boston!"

"Assuredly."

She remained in deep reflection for a moment or two; and then she said, in absolute innocence—

"I do wonder that a nation that fought so well, North and South, should show such a sensitiveness as that. They never said a word about Bunker's Hill when we were at Boston. You would have thought the humiliation of that small defeat was quite forgotten by this time; for I am quite sure the South would not speak about it; and I am quite sure the North is as proud of Stonewall Jackson now as the South can be."

Stonewall Jackson?—Bunker's Hill?

"What do you mean," said Queen T., severely; for she thought the young wife had taken leave of her senses.

"Well," said she, simply, and rather ungrammatically, "if the North was beaten, they fought well enough afterwards; and when they can point to such battles as Gettysburg, they need not be afraid of the South remembering Bunker's Hill against them."

This was too awful. She was the mother of two children. But we wrote to our friends in Boston, begging them in the future not to let any of their English friends go through the town without telling them what Bunker's Hill was all about.

Next, a word about the singular purity of the atmosphere; at mid-day, as we stood in the street or walked across the Common, we could make out with the naked eye the planet Venus, shining clear and brilliant in the blue overhead.

Finally, a word as to a certain hotel. We had gone there partly because it was conducted on the European plan, and partly because it was said to be the best in America, and we naturally wanted to see what America could do in that way. We came to the conclusion that this hotel was probably the best in America a generation ago; and that its owners, proud of its reputation, had determined that it should never be interfered with—not even by an occasional broom. It was our friend the Uhlan who waxed the most ferocious. He came down in a towering rage the first morning after our arrival.

"The best hotel in America!" he cried. "I tell you, we have no room at all—it is a box—it is a miserable hole, without light—it is full of mosquitoes—it looks into a sort of well, over the kitchen, and it is hotter than an oven—and the noise of the quarrelling in the kitchen—and I think a woman dying of—what do you call it? asthma?—in the next room——. No, I will not stay here another night for a thousand pounds!"

However, we pacified him; and he did stay another night, and was richly rewarded. He came down on the second morning with a pleased air. He had a sheet of writing-paper in his hand, on which were displayed a number of strange objects.

"Ha!" said he, with a proud smile, "it is so kind of them to let us know the secrets of the American ladies. These things lie thick all over the room; but they are very small; and you cannot easily see them for the dust. But they are very strange—oh, very strange; did you ever see hair-pins so small as these?"

He showed us a beautiful variety of these interesting objects, some of them so minute as almost to be invisible to the naked eye. Almost equally minute, too, were certain india-rubber bands. Then that tiny brush, tipped with black; what was that for? Surely the thousand virgins of Cologne must have in turn inhabited this room, to have left behind them so many souvenirs.

"You have no business with those things," said Bell, angrily. "They don't belong to you."

"To whom, then?" said he, meekly. "To the Crown? Is it treasure trove? But one thing I know very well. When we go away from this pretty hotel—from this, oh! very charming hotel, we will not shake the dust from our feet, because that would be quite unnecessary. They have enough; don't you think so?"

And then we set out on our travels once more; and during a long and beautiful day went whirling away northward through a rough, hilly, and wooded country, intersected by deep ravines, and showing here and there a clear stream running along its pebbly bed. Here and there, too, on the hills the woods were already beginning to show a yellow tinge; while at rare intervals we descried a maple that had anticipated the glowing colours of the Indian summer and become like a flame of rose-red fire among the dark green of the pines. It was a picturesque country enough—this wilderness of rocks, and streams, and forest; and it might have been possible to begin and imagine the red men back again in this wilderness that they once haunted, but that, from time to time, we suddenly came on a clearing that showed a lot of bare wooden shanties, and the chances were that the place rejoiced in some such name as Cuttingsville. Cuttingsville! But perhaps, after all, there is a fitness in things; and it would have been a worse sort of desecration to steal one of the beautiful Indian names from some neighbouring stream and tack it on to this tag-rag habitation of squatters.

The evening sun was red behind the dark green of the trees when, at Glen Falls, we left the railway, and mounted on the top of a huge coach set on high springs. Away went the four horses; and we found ourselves swinging this way and that as if we were being buffeted about by the five tides that meet off the Mull of Cantire. It was a pleasant ride, nevertheless; for it was now the cool of the evening, and we were high above the dust, and we were entering a country not only beautiful in itself but steeped in all sorts of historical and romantic tradition. Far over there on the right—the last spur of the Adirondacks—was the mountain held by the French artillery to command the military road through these wilds, and bearing the name of French mountain to this day. Ahead of us, hidden away in the dark woods, was the too famous Bloody Pond. And Fort William Henry?—of a surety, friend, these lovely damsels shall be safely housed

to-night, and the dogs of Mingoes may carry the news to Montcalm that his prey has escaped him!

It was a plank road that carried us away into the forest, and the monotonous fall of the horses' hoofs was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night and of the woods. The first stars came out, in the pale grey overhead. Our lamps were lit now; and there was a golden glory around us—a blaze in the midst of the prevailing dusk.

And now the forest became still more dense, and the road wound in an intricate fashion through the trees. For our part, we could see no path at all. The horses seemed perpetually on the point of rushing headlong into the forest, when lo! a sharp turn would reveal another bit of road, it also seeming to disappear in the woods. And then the pace at which this chariot, with its blazing aureole, went flashing through the darkness! Mile after mile we rattled on, and the distant lake was nowhere visible. Not thus did the crafty Hurons steal through these trees to dog the footsteps of the noble Delawares. We were almost ashamed to think that there was no danger surrounding us, and that our chief regard was about supper.

Suddenly there was a wild yell ahead, and at the same moment a black object dashed across the heads of our leaders. Then we caught sight of a vehicle underneath the lamps; and there was a shout of laughter as it flew onwards after that narrow escape. The sharp turn in the road had very nearly produced another massacre of pale-faces in the neighbourhood of Fort William Henry.

"Do you remember that night at Keswick?" our Uhlan said, with a laugh. "That was near, too; was it not, Madame? And now this great coach—we should have run clean over that wagonette—as you described the big steamers running over a small schooner—and the driver, did you see how smart he was in taking his leaders off the planks? It was very well done—very well done—he is a smart fellow; and I will give him another cigar, if it does not annoy you, Lady Sylvia."

"It is very pleasant in the night air," said our courteous guest. "And indeed I am accustomed at home to the smell of pipes—which is a great deal worse."

And so The Lilacs was still her home? She betrayed no embarrassment in speaking of the nest she had forsaken; but then she was sheltered by the darkness of the night.

Then at last the long, delightful drive was done; and there was a great blaze of lamps over a broad flight of stairs and a spacious hall. We turned before we entered. Down there in the dusk, and hemmed around by shadowy hills, lay the silent waters of Lake George.

LITERATURE.

THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT.

The Khedive's Egypt; or, The Old House of Bondage under New Masters. By Edwin de Leon. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1877.

This work forms a strange contrast to the book by Mr. McCoan which was recently reviewed in these pages. Mr. McCoan strikes the keynote of his observations when he says of the Khedive:—"He is, in fact, both sovereign and minister in one—seeing everything, knowing everything, and ordering everything, for himself; the titular heads of departments being merely so many *chefs de cabinet*, who do little more than register and execute his will." M. de Leon also strikes a keynote, but in a very different key to that of Mr. McCoan. M. de Leon says (p. 105):—"The control of the finances, of the railway, of the docks and harbours, in fact of everything but the army, as well as the great products of the soil, has passed into foreign hands. The Khedive has allowed himself to be treated as Gulliver was in the land of Lilliput—tied down by thousands of small threads, until he can neither move hand nor foot of his own volition." Anything more diametrically opposite to Mr. McCoan's opinions it is difficult to imagine; and the Khedive ought to be thankful that M. de Leon has shifted some portion at least of the tremendous responsibility Mr. McCoan heaped upon his shoulders on to the backs of other people. The general public, too, will be grateful to M. de Leon for showing how the blame is to be apportioned, and thus indicating the measures to be adopted in order to abolish the abuses Egypt still suffers from.

Though resident in an official capacity for many years in Egypt, M. de Leon, commences his book with his departure from Southampton for Port Said, and takes us through the Suez Canal, playing the part of an accomplished cicerone on the way, and giving a lively and amusing description of the Canal and its towns, which at the same time is not in any degree over coloured. Of the relations of the Canal to British interests he gives a clear account, and places the matter in a nutshell when he says—

> The war has raised some important questions relative to the Suez Canal, and there has been much talk of "neutralisation" in its broadest sense; but the expression of British opinion on this matter, through Lord Derby's utterances in Parliament, has shown that the nation which has made the Canal its highway to India, and supplies three-fourths of the tonnage passing through it, will never consent to this, because it would bar the passage of its own war vessels and troops in certain contingencies.

The enunciation of this very evident truth was necessary, for many people regard the "neutralisation" of the Canal as consisting in the right of England to send her own vessels of war through it, but simply neutralising it for the rest of the world in the sense of Art. XIV. of the Concession of 1856. This article says:—"We (Khedive) declare solemnly, for ourselves and our successors, the Great Maritime Canal from Suez to Pelusium and its dependent ports, open for ever as neutral ways to every commercial vessel proceeding from one sea to the other, without distinction, preference, or exclusion, either of persons or nationalities," &c., &c. "But this privilege," says M. de Leon, "only covers commercial vessels, not those of war; and the Porte and the Khedive have so construed it, by giving notice that Russian war-vessels shall not be allowed to pass. The war-vessels of friendly Powers, on making requisition, have never been denied the privilege, although there is nothing in the Concession to give them a right to do so. In the Abyssinian War England made effective use of the Canal. The Canal is still included in Egyptian territory—the right of 'eminent domain' never having been conceded to the Company—and has been leased to that Company for ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which term the Egyptian Government may enter into full possession, on paying to the Company the value of the plant and material. Unless the financial condition of Egypt should greatly improve in that interval, the property is not very apt to change hands and revert to Egypt at the expiration of that term." It is impossible to show more clearly how neutralisation is a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways.

On ariving at Cairo, M. de Leon laments the disappearance of the old Esbekieh and the picturesque Eastern buildings. He says:—

> Where once waved the branches of the stately sycamores planted by Mehemet Ali are now to be seen only solid blocks of stone, houses with arcades, in imitation of those of the Rue de Rivoli. Over three-fourths of the space formerly occupied by that primitive garden-wilderness, so dear to the memory of its old *habitué*, who used to sit every evening and night under its grand trees, sipping coffee and smoking narghilehs on those Cairene nights, lighter than Western days, while an endless procession of natives and Levantines passed under its leafy arcades, are imitation European houses and shops. The garden has vanished like a dream. The quaint old Eastern buildings, all these, too, have followed the Esbekieh, and their fronts at least are now on European models; square, formal, uniform, hideous-looking imitations of the ugliest architecture in the world.

In short, M. de Leon finds the new quarters of the Egyptian capital dull and decorously European, though

he does not deny the advantage of cleanliness and order being substituted for dirt and disorder. At the same time he thinks, with all due respect to the "spirit of the age," that the old system of narrow streets and the old Eastern plan of building were best adapted for the climate, place, and people. Herein all disinterested persons who know Cairo and Alexandria will agree with him, and remember with what relief they plunged from the glaring garish quarters of New Cairo into the cool and shady depths of the Muski, and the bazaars covered over with planking and matting to keep out the scorching sun. The destruction of the noble trees in the old Esbekieh was an unparalleled act of vandalism, preventing the place from being turned into the finest urban park in the world. Speaking of the climate, M. de Leon rightly observes that it has perceptibly changed; that it is colder in winter, damper, and rainy days—formerly almost unknown—being more and more frequent. This is perfectly true. Travellers who were in Egppt during November and December a couple of years ago will remember what foreign visitors to Cairo suffered from the absence of any conveniences to keep out the chilly cold, and what shifts the guests at the "Hôtel du Nil" were forced to resort to in the way of warming their rooms with extemporised stoves of pumice-stone and spirits of wine. And when the rain pours down in such torrents as to turn the Muski into a series of lakes, the discomfort exceeds the amusement caused by the primitive method of converting the stagnant pools into mud by the addition of rubbish, and carrying it away in baskets! M. de Leon rightly attributes this change in the climate to the larger evaporation of water in consequence of the more extended system of irrigation in the Delta. This is an important fact for invalids suffering from pulmonary and bronchial diseases. They should not go to Cairo before the beginning of January.

In an exceedingly interesting and lively account of the Khedive's predecessors, M. de Leon exemplifies the truth of the axiom that the sin of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, though at the same time he takes care to point out that the virtues of the fathers benefit their offspring in a like degree—a fact that is somewhat lost sight of by the people who only pay attention to the scriptural rendering. The Khedive must be measured by the difference between the two. Thus we find that the Khedive's mania for making Egypt a manufacturing country in opposition to Nature, which made it agricultural, is inherited from Mehemet Ali, who was the first to set the example of importing costly machinery, but whose failure, as evidenced by the skeleton ruins of numerous mills filled with the rusty remains of machinery, did not serve as a warning to his successors. It was Mehemet Ali to whom the influx of foreigners into Egypt was first due. It was he who introduced the fathers of the colony which has since waxed fat on the flesh and blood of the wretched fellaheen, a policy still further developed by Said Pasha. This viceroy M. de Leon treats with a tender hand, as is but fit when Said's fondness for the French is considered, as well as the fact that it was he who enabled M. de Lesseps to commence his great work, who began the barrage of the Nile, cut numerous canals, summoned Robert Stephenson to make the railways, built model villages for the fellaheen, and endeavoured to improve their condition, and raised the imports and exports of the country to over 6,000,000*l.* per annum. When he died, the public debt did not exceed 5,000,000*l.* Consequently the Khedive has certainly reaped more than he has sown, aided in this congenial occupation to an enormous extent by the foreign colony. Of the manners and habits of these people, M. de Leon gives some amusing anecdotes. He tells us of an Englishman, in the time of Said Pasha, who, got up in thoroughly oriental style, and speaking Arabic like a native, used to sit solemnly on his divan at the railway station over which he presided, and gravely listen, through his interpreter, to the complaints made by British officers and travellers. "Ask that lazy old Turk to stop making a chimney of himself, and mind his business, or we will ask our Consul-General to tell his master to kick him out of the place!" and similar unflattering remarks, would fall apparently unheeded on the ears of the functionary, who never betrayed by the slightest movement his knowledge of their language.

M. de Leon's account of Nubar Pasha's fall is highly characteristic of Egypt and the Khedive. The sum and substance of his offence was that, in tying the hands of the foreign consuls or diplomatic agents in Egypt by the institution of the mixed tribunals of justice, he has at the same time brought under their jurisdiction the Khedive himself, who was formerly the sole High Court of Appeal. The benefit of the Tribunals is, however, apparent in their success in clearing off the hosts of bankrupts and such as ought to be bankrupts. Whether the five years' life of the Tribunals will be prolonged or not is a question which the Khedive, in his present mood, does not seem to be inclined to answer in the affirmative, as Nubar Pasha has not yet been forgiven.

The sketches given of Nubar Pasha, Cherif Pasha, and Ismail Sadyk—the late Moufettish—of Said and Abbas Pashas, are as interesting, accurate, and characteristic as that of Ismail Khedive himself, and his relations to the other members of his family. M. de Leon does not omit mentioning the accident which disposed of Achmet Pasha and so nearly disposed of Halim Pasha, the Khedive's elder brother and uncle; but he expresses his disbelief that the Khedive had any hand in producing this *contretemps* which placed him on the throne. It is possible that this is a case in which the *vox populi* was in error; and the Khedive may be well allowed the benefit of the doubt, though his subsequent treatment of Halim Pasha, whom he literally worried out of Egypt, does not tend to confirm the doubt. At the same time it must be remembered, as M. de Leon plainly shows, that the Porte has made use of Halim Pasha in a way that is not calculated to increase the Khedive's love for his uncle. Living at Constantinople, Halim Pasha—who is only one year older than his nephew—is held by the Porte as a standing menace to the Khedive, and is made a means of drawing backsheesh from Cairo, as was Mustafa Pasha, the Khedive's brother and next heir to the throne before the firman establishing direct succession. It must be remembered that a similar firman was granted to Mehemet Ali, according to which Halim would now be the rightful heir, instead of Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive's eldest son; and it is the knowledge that Abdul Aziz's firman might be set aside in a like manner which still binds Egypt—or, rather, the Khedive—to the Porte, and forces him now to send his troops to Turkey.

As for the Khedive himself, M. de Leon certainly does not flatter him, but, on the other hand, he acknowledges his good qualities as far as possible, though it is easy to see that he regards these good qualities as more or less centring in the Khedive's impressionableness to everything that promises to bring in money. The three chief passions of Ismail Khedive are his passion for real estate, his vaulting ambition, and his mania for building, as he himself acknowledged to M. de Leon. "Every man," he said, "is mad upon some one subject. My mania is for building—*j'ai une manie en pierre.*" These manias, the author says, ought to be curbed betimes; but that depends more upon the foreign creditors, in whose grasp he is as clay in the potter's hands.

"J'ai une manie en peirre," said the Khedive; and truly a mania for building seems to have possessed all the rulers of Egypt who had the power to carry out their desires. The Pyramids still characterise the life of Egypt. As the fellaheen slaved then for stones, so they slave now. This is what M. de Leon says of the fellah:—"The continental peasant has improved with the progress of his country into something more than a dumb drudge; but the Egyptian labourer has not risen much above the level of that life we see sculptured on the walls of the old tombs and temples thousands of years ago. He is still in the hands of merciless taskmasters—a strong ass crouching under burdens." On

the whole, his lot is no better than the lot of the peasant described in the letter of Ameneman to the poet Pentatour, written now 3,000 years ago, and of which M. de Leon gives us the translation, whilst warning the Khedive to make the fellaheen his first care, rather than the extension of his empire, or the erection of costly palaces and piles of stone in his great cities, lest the old cry arise again from the suffering people to crush his pride—"*We ask for bread and you give us stones!*" The chapter on the fellaheen is one of the truest and most feeling in the book; and when the evident anxiety of the author not to exaggerate one way or the other is taken into consideration, it is easy to see that the worst that has been said of the pitiable condition of the fellaheen—both their moral and physical condition—is not too strong.

Still, as M. de Leon says, the Khedive is not alone to blame. The system—the true old voracious Turkish system—has as much to answer for. The *Moufettish* is buried, but he is not dead. He is a many-headed monster, and will bear a vast amount of killing. As the Germans say of a shrew, that, when she dies, her tongue must be killed extra, so too must the grasping hand of the *Moufettish*, the real *mainmorte* of the land of Egypt.

How this is to be done, how Egypt is now at the most important crisis of her history, what difficulties are in the way, and how the new reform measures are a danger in themselves, by "compelling the Khedive to employ half-a-dozen persons to do the work of one," the reader must turn to M. de Leon's book itself. There is not a dull page in it, and yet it is as instructive as it is amusing. It really depicts the Khedive's Egypt, and shows Egypt as it is.

THE AGE OF ANNE.

The Age of Anne. By E. E. Morris, M.A. London: Longmans. 1877.

Mr. Morris was the originator of the series of 'Epochs of Modern History,' which have met with a deserved success. He tells us in his preface that his functions as editor were cut short by his departure from England to Australia, and he sets before us his idea in commencing the series. It is instructive to compare Mr. Morris's conception and his own performance with the other 'Epochs' which have appeared. We see that Mr. Morris's aim was less ambitious than the one that has been actually realised. He aimed only at producing schoolbooks, and made that his first care; but the series as a whole has gone beyond that object, and in very few of the volumes are we reminded of the schoolboy as we are in Mr. Morris's own book. It is, in fact, noticeable in almost all the historical handbooks that have appeared in the last few years how the general reader has edged out the schoolboy. We do not mean to say that the books are for that reason unfitted for school use; but they do not bear signs of being primarily adapted for that purpose. Even in the simplest of them, the form is literary rather than educational. Writers have aimed rather at putting things in a new light than at rearranging what is known in the best shape for the learner. The public interest that has been taken in scientific and historical primers and epochs is very remarkable. They vie with novels in the bookstalls at railway stations. It would seem that many readers are inspired with a desire to make up for the defects of early education, or to be reminded in a plain and straightforward shape of subjects which they learned confusedly, and of which they never saw the bearings.

Mr. Morris has kept rigidly before him that he is writing a schoolbook, and a schoolbook which fits in with his own experience of the educational uses of history. "History," he says, "should be taught for the sake of its human interest." Method and accuracy are at present taught by means of other studies. He does not wish to treat history scientifically, but rather to make it interesting, to kindle in boys a sense of the greatness of their forefathers, of the struggles by which the state of things which they see around them came into being. Mr. Morris would appeal to their love of chivalry and their thirst for adventure; he would give them war and battles to their heart's content; he would kindle their imagination by pictures, and not store their memory with names and dates. His volume is written in accordance with these views.

Now, there is no doubt that Mr. Morris's principle is a true one when applied to those whose knowledge is rudimentary, and who need alluring on the path of learning. It is an excellent method of treating boys of fourteen or fifteen, who have not yet begun to look on the acquirement of knowledge in any other light than as a labour. But there is a large class of more advanced students of history who do not want the preliminary stimulus, but need rather a training in method and arrangement, who are capable of understanding the intricacies of politics, and who know enough of the world to follow the finer lines of human character and unwrap the windings of complex motives. We had looked upon the 'Epochs of Modern History' as intended for readers of this sort, and most of the writers of the series seem to have done the same. Mr. Morris, however, has written for simpler folk, and we find as a consequence that his book is fresh and vigorous, but not profound nor stimulating.

Mr. Morris has done the task he set himself extremely well. His book is full of life and motion, and the march of affairs is forcibly set forth. It is true his work was a comparatively easy one. The age of Anne has been thoroughly investigated by recent writers, such as Lord Stanhope and Mr. Wyon, and copious materials lay ready at hand. Moreover, the great war of Anne's reign was a general European war, and foreign affairs are naturally interwoven with those of England. No new arrangement was necessary for Mr. Morris to bind together the history of Europe during the period of which he writes. Mr. Morris, however, has used his ample materials skilfully, and his pictures are forcible and lifelike. His account of Peter the Great and Charles XII. especially is marked by vigour and just discrimination.

In his endeavour to be forcible, Mr. Morris has sometimes become affected and overstrained, especially in his marginal summary. Thus, on casting our eye down page 19, we read, "Nemesis," "Three symptoms of madness." On looking at the text we find that this refers to the three capital errors of Louis XIV., which raised up an opposition to his measures. It is true that Mr. Morris may plead the example of Mr. Carlyle, but Mr. Carlyle does not profess to write a schoolbook in which a summary is presumably meant to be a guide to the contents. Sometimes Mr. Morris is flippant; thus he calls the last chapter of the historical part of his book "The Fragments that Remain." Mr. Morris's style is always jerky, and seems to have been formed under the exigencies of teaching rather than on any literary model. Sometimes it is bald and careless; for instance:—"The winter was one of especial severity. It was terribly cold in England, where the Thames was frozen over for weeks, but its effects were more terrible in France, for there they were starvation."

Mr. Morris's chapters on literature are elementary, as almost necessarily follows from the object which he has set before him. He contents himself with giving an account of the authors and a catalogue of their chief works. Criticism lies beyond his limits. His social chapter, on the other hand, is excellent in its way, and brings together with considerable skill a great deal of interesting information. We doubt, however, whether Mr. Morris is right in attributing the fall of Venetian commerce to the "invention of the compass, as mariners were no longer confined to coasting voyages." Surely, the discovery of the Cape by the Portuguese, and the consequent deviation in the route of commerce with the East, is a more natural historical event to quote. Amongst other facts of which Mr. Morris reminds his readers is the effect of the Methuen Treaty with Portugal in 1703, by which Portuguese wines were to pay one-third less import duty than French wines. The result was an increase of hard drinking. Port took the

place of claret and burgundy, and men drank the same number of glasses, without regard to the increased strength of the beverage. It is curious to note that the Tories stuck longest to the old wines, and burgundy long remained the Tory drink. It is melancholy to think how shortlived is prejudice. The Tories in time gave way to port, and there are many who nowadays regard claret with suspicion as a new-fangled drink introduced by Mr. Gladstone to suit the weakened digestions which continued political restlessness has impaired.

SCEPTICISM IN GEOLOGY.

Scepticism in Geology, and the Reasons for it. By Verifier. London: John Murray. 1877.

In his preface the author of this book expresses his fear that it will receive rough usage in certain quarters; but it is difficult to imagine his arguments suffering worse treatment than they meet with at his own hands. His object is to show that "one vast fallacy would appear to underlie the doctrine of Modern Causes—the supposition that the world we inhabit, so beautiful, so pregnant with every gift which can contribute to man's progress, prosperity, and happiness, has been turned out by its Maker unfinished and imperfect; that it is capable of improvement, at least of development, and is undergoing material change day by day. According to this hypothesis, all its arrangements are faulty, its waterways require lowering and scraping, and are being reduced to other levels by the influence of the elements, occasionally corrected by earthquakes! Yet it would be hard to find a more striking and beautiful example of design and combination than that by which the earth is drained and watered." And again, "that the work of the Creation of the Earth was one of perfection defies all disproof."

The truth of this sentence is as great as if he had omitted the syllable "dis," but this "Verifier's" theology probably would not admit. His theology, however, is of less account than his geology. For even granting the perfection of the creation in its original form, surely "Verifier" does not deny that this perfection was considerably marred by his forefather's sin. However perfect the pre-feminine period of the creation, he cannot deny that poor Eve's sin introduced considerable changes into its economy with the introduction of death. The digestive apparatus of the carnivora must have undergone great modifications before the graminivora found it highly imprudent to lie down beside them; and no less different must have been the conditions under which the earth's flora flourished in the pre-carnivorous stage of its fauna. No one, except "Verifier," could therefore contend that no element of change was introduced into this earth by Eve's indiscretion; and it may be pointed out, at the same time, that he ignores the teaching of his own theology, which insists on the existence of sin, with its accompaniments, death and change, in the person of the Tempter, previous to Eve's temptation and fall.

This allusion to "Verifier's" theology would have been superfluous did he not use his geology for one of its foundation-stones, or *vice versâ*. He denies that the forces now operating upon earth are the same in kind and degree as those which, in the remotest ages, produced geological changes. He wants to catch Nature carrying on these operations, and wants to see her making a diamond or a nugget of gold. So do a good many other people. They would be very glad to discover her secret. But he ignores the fact that diamonds—black, it is true—have been made, and that other crystals are manufactured every day in divers factories, not by man *ex nihilo*, but by the forces of Nature herself. Nor, he asserts, will anybody gratify him with a glimpse of any new-made rock. If he would take the trouble to walk down to Thames Street, or the Tower, and express his wish to any of the stone-merchants there, it would probably be gratified, and his eyes delighted—or rather the contrary—with various specimens of ripe and unripe stone.

Speaking of earthquakes, "Verifier" denies that they are capable of producing any permanent elevation or depression of land whatever. It must be assumed that he means a universal depression or elevation. If so, that may be conceded. It is not easy to conceive the earth expanding like a bubble till it bursts, or its being compressed into half its bulk. Still, he may even believe this, for he regards the fact that the upheaval of Chili was diminished from four feet to two feet by the subsequent rise of the water as confirmatory of his views. In short, he will not admit that any portion of the earth's surface has ever been permanently elevated beyond its original level. It simply pops up and down. This, it is to be supposed, is a part of "the perfection of the work of the Creation." He would probably poetically describe the process as the pulsations of the mighty orb. At the same time it is scarcely fair for "Verifier" to put his own words into other people's mouths; for no geologist has as yet attempted to define the duration of permanency or that every upheaval of land is not, or may be, balanced by a depression and subsidence elsewhere. Surely the smallest particle of common sense must tell "Verifier" that the quantity of solid matter washed down by the rivers into the sea results in one of two things. Either it must displace a proportionate quantity of water—thus causing a rise in the level of the ocean—or it fills up the place of solid matter which has previously been displaced by terramotal and volcanic action. Were there no such convulsive movements by which room is made for the masses of solid matter precipitated into the ocean, the dry land would not only soon become washed out, but the shallowness of the ocean caused thereby would result in the waters spreading all over the earth, only leaving a few pinnacles like those of Mounts Ararat and Chimborazo for "Verifier" to sit upon with the ark of his faith, and contemplate the watery waste around him.

Having thus disposed of those geologists who believe in tremendous convulsions of Nature in former days, whereby the earth has been partly fashioned into its present form, "Verifier" proceeds to demolish those whom he calls Quietudinarians. He does this by citing the words of Mr. Blandford touching the elevation of the Himalayas, evidencing a power compared to which the greatest of earthquakes sinks into insignificance, so great have been the gigantic movements of the earth's crust. Then he quotes Sir Roderick Murchison's description of the violent action which produced the chasm occupied by the Lake of Lucerne; and points to the Glärnisch as an example of an entire mountain having been rent from top to bottom to the depth of 6,000 feet. He then triumphantly asks what becomes of the Quietudinarians who pin their faith to "multiplied convulsions of moderate intensity," and ascribe all these upheavals to tranquil and gentle disturbances? Enthusiastically he endorses the words of Mr. Prestwich to the effect that it is impossible to overcome, by a lesser force, a resistance which requires a greater force. In other words, that a one-ounce weight will not weigh down a two-ounce weight. That may probably also be conceded; and thus "Verifier" proves that the rugged features of this originally perfect earth are due neither to tremendous convulsions nor to gentle upheavals and subsidences.

Chapter IV. commences with the statement that the great geological problem of the day is, "How were mountains made?" Not, according to "Verifier," by a vertical force acting from below, which is a common delusion, for "such an upward blow would produce a radiating fracture in the earth's crust like the starring of a pane of glass, in which the widest aperture would be in the centre, and the fissures would diminish from that centre—the very reverse of what has happened in the case of mountains and valleys." "Verifier" puts this theory—a fact—in the shape of a question which may be answered by another, namely, whether he imagines that anybody ever imagined that such an upward blow is produced by a shot of solid matter being fired from the interior through the earth's crust, and flying into space like a cannon-ball through a target;

or whether, to continue his comparison, it is not rather to be likened to a shot that has half penetrated the target, and remains protruding on the other side. If "Verifier" will take another promenade, and walk down to Shoeburyness, he will find that the results of such a shot bear a remarkable resemblance—say, to the formation of the Fichtel-Geberge. But though "Verifier" will not admit any vertical pressure from below, he has no objection to lateral pressure. According to him, mountains are the result of the contraction of the earth while it was "cooling down from the state of a molten mass." Why, "Verifier" must be a Parsee, a very Guebre! The "perfection of the creation of the earth" consisted in its being a molten mass! And when this molten mass cooled down, the "tremendous forces" produced by its contraction split up the even surface of the earth's crust, and caused, by the consequent lateral pressure, those mountain sections whose gigantic bends and contortions have roused the geologist's wonder.

Chapter V. is devoted by "Verifier" to proving that there is no evidence of the land now rising in Scandinavia or elsewhere; Chapter VI. to demonstrating that water has no erosive power against hard rock, and that the process of erosion by glaciers is imperfectly understood. Chapter VII. is intended to show that the atmospheric and marine denudation of rock is quite insignificant. Chapter VIII. demonstrates that the sudden transition from total glaciation, due to a change of temperature—of course equally sudden!—smoothed down the fractured mould, and polished it into its present form. Chapter IX., happily the last, is devoted to a recapitulation to the effect that the preceding eight chapters have demonstrated that the earth is no longer subject to any material changes; that the volcanoes and earthquakes of the present age are no more to the earth than boils and pustules are to the human body; whilst the powers of erosion and denudation by water and air are proved to be below contempt by the fact of sea-weeds and lichens growing on the surface and resisting them. That is just the same as denying the corrosive powers of nitric acid because it will not affect the engraver's plate where it is covered with the wax he uses to lay his ground and protect the steel where he does not want it to be attacked. Finally, Chapter IX. shows that Professors Ramsay, Geikie, Green, De la Beche, Huxley, Darwin, and Sir Charles Lyell are all wrong. But "Verifier" is right!

The type, paper, binding, and woodcuts are worthy of the publisher, and form an excellent specimen of typographical art. As such, the book deserves all praise. Otherwise, and from a scientific point of view, it scarcely deserves mention, were it not that it will probably obtain a wide gratuitous circulation in theological circles.

MARLEY CASTLE.

Marley Castle. A Novel. Edited by Sir Garnet Wolseley. In Two Volumes. London: Remington.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is not as good a classical scholar as he is a soldier. The unknown author, whose work he has edited, has put his classical knowledge to the proof, and the gallant commander has for once been overwhelmed by superior force. The heroine of the tale, a very charming person it must be confessed, not only ejaculates in Latin, but has acquired the power of reading Latin and Greek "with a most correct pronunciation"—it is not said after which of the prevailing systems—and can also translate "rather difficult passages" from these languages at sight. It may be inferred that the author of 'Marley Castle'—apparently a lady—has an admiration for accomplishments which she considers necessary for the perfection of her paragon, and the inference is supported by the multitude of classical allusions and the occasional bursts of Latinised phraseology with which her otherwise cultivated style is embellished. Thus, at p. 2, Major Vere, a weary man of the world, the hero of 'Marley Castle,' is made to say that "he is beginning to think Silenus was right when he said that the best thing is never to be born, and the next best thing is to be done with it all as quickly as possible." At first one is startled at finding the jolly old satyr credited with so gloomy a view of life, and, seeing that the quotation is put into the mouth of an English officer, one suspects the author of covertly making mock of the literary acquirements of the service; but we learn, upon dutiful consultation of our classical dictionary, that there was an ancient literary person sufficiently strong-minded to bear the name of Silenus, that he is quoted in the Δειπνοσοφισταί of Athenæus, and that he may have repeated a saying which had been previously appropriated by a greater name. We must, therefore, acquit Major Vere, his author, and his editor, of having mistaken Silenus for Sophocles, and admit that it is not impossible that the favourite reading of this particular officer may have been the miscellanea of Athenæus. But the author makes too large demands upon our credulity when he asks us to believe that the hoydenish daughter of a country squire would have said concerning her intended husband, "I should be sorry to extend the *osculi jus* to him;" or, in illustration of her excitement at the prospect of marriage, that "the sound of the bells, like the sacred flutes of the Corybantes, prevents me from hearing anything else just at present." Nor is it likely that her brother, a heavy-witted young squire, would have said of his speech at an election dinner that "it was open to the criticism of Theocritus upon the speech of an older hand, and merely contained a drop of sense in a river of words." There is too much of this misplaced learning in 'Marley Castle,' and it is not always strictly accurate. Thus, at p. 3, what does the author mean by speaking of "that pleasant buccal ornament called a silver spoon in his mouth?" *Bucca* does not mean "mouth." At p. 25, "his voice clung to his jaw," is not unexceptionable as a translation of *Vox faucibus hæsit.* And there are various little slips of a similar sort which seem to imply that the author's classical learning is more extensive than accurate.

If Sir Garnet Wolseley should edit another novel by the same author, he would do well to draw his pen remorselessly through every classical allusion that he finds, for the work seems well worth such editorial labour. This superabundant and inaccurate learning is the chief fault in a remarkably pleasant style, and the story itself is simple, well-told, and full of interest. There are few personages in the story, and comparatively little incident. It is occupied almost wholly with the quarrels of Major Vere and the paragon, Alison Gower, the true love which springs up between them, and the difficulties that keep its course from running smooth. Their acquaintance begins in this way. Major Vere, retired from the army at the age of thirty-two because India does not suit his health, is temporarily disabled from a pleasure-seeking career by a bad fall from his horse. He utilises this period of forced inaction by paying a duty visit to an old aunt, from whom he has expectations, and who inhabits a gloomy mansion in Yorkshire. The aunt, Mrs. Marley, of Marley Castle, is an eccentric, capricious, but on the whole good-natured invalid, drawn, we should say, from the life, judging from the vividness of the portrait. She does not see her nephew for several days, and he is inexpressibly bored, when one day he hears a light footstep in the passage, the door of the room in which he reclines on a sofa nursing his wounded leg opens, and there appears before his vision a prepossessing young lady of twenty-six. This is the paragon. She bows to him coldly, intimates that she has been sent by his aunt to read to him, gets some books, takes a chair, and proceeds in a sweet-toned voice, astounding her listener by reading and translating every Latin or Greek quotation that comes in the way, not being aware that the latter process is superfluous for a constant reader of Athenæus. The reading done, the paragon, who has made it clear all along that she is simply discharging a duty at the request of Mrs. Marley, bows again, and departs, leaving Major Vere in a ferment of speculation as to who she can be. He learns that she is not, as he had supposed, his aunt's companion, but a young lady whom the old lady had taken a fancy to at a watering-place. Miss Gower's father

had died, and left her unprotected, and Mrs. Marley had offered her a home, but she was not a hired companion—only a voluntary *protégée*. Of course one divines from the first how this meeting is to end, but the author, it must be confessed, does her utmost to put us on a false scent, and interposes a sufficient number of difficulties to fairly sustain the interest of the plot. In the first volume, the two lovers pass through what is traditionally known as a Scotch courtship. They are thrown much together, and seem to lead a cat-and-dog life, regarding each other, to all outward appearance, with a cold indifference which almost amounts to aversion. But gradually the secret oozes out that they are dissembling. Not, however, till Mrs. Marley has died of heart disease towards the close of a yachting expedition, does Major Vere throw off the mask, and then he learns a terrible secret which gives a death-blow to his hopes—namely, that Alison is already married. This discovery parts the lovers at once, to their mutual unspeakable anguish, and, worse still, before Alison has time to explain the innocence of her position. The second volume gives the history of their divided wanderings and sufferings, till, in the end, they are happily united, and both have given proof of their high sentiments of honour and duty, as well as of their mutual devotion. The author takes a more stringent view of the indissolubility of the marriage tie than Mrs. Fawcett did in her novel of 'Janet Doncaster,' which seemed to be written partly with a view to illustrate the iniquity of the present law by which a woman may be tied for life to a drunken madman. Alison Gower's husband is a profligate and a cruel tyrant as well as a sot, and she ran away from him on the day of their wedding, happening to discover his character. But Major Vere fails to persuade her to remove the obstacle to their union by suing for a divorce. She even displays the heroic generosity of nursing the odious scamp, with whom she is legally united, when at last he drinks himself into *delirium tremens*. However mistaken she may have been in this conception of her duty, it is refreshing to meet with a story in which the personages maintain themselves in so exalted a plane of morality. When at last Barclay dies, and leaves his wife free, we feel that the lovers have fairly earned their happiness.

A CREOLE PARADISE.

Dutch Guiana. By W. G. Palgrave. London: Macmillan and Co.

As a rule it would be somewhat presumptuous in a writer to claim the position of an authority on the politics and general social condition of a country, on the strength of a fortnight's residence in it. Mr. Palgrave's case is, however, exceptional. As one of the most successful of modern travellers, he had already become acquainted with most of the races, whose life he has been studying in the old Dutch colony of Surinam. He also had the advantage of his own official experience in the West Indies, and a good deal of previous knowledge of the state of things in British Guiana, which, it is said, we are even now administering on the plan originally framed by the Dutch. With all these preliminary furnishings, an author and traveller of Mr. Palgrave's natural qualifications could hardly help writing a useful book, even on so short an experience as that of a fortnight. His descriptions of Dutch and Creole life are extremely pleasant. We are inclined to think that a student of the subject would understand the Javan system all the better after a perusal of Mr. Palgrave's book. The volume also contains many valuable reflections on the labour question in Surinam, and the immense development of which that fine colony might be capable under wise and vigorous management.

According to Mr. Palgrave, there is in the Dutch colony an utter absence of that antagonism of feeling, between the dominant and the subject races, with which Anglo-Indians, and English colonists in general, are only too painfully familiar. The Creoles—or country-born negroes—the backbone of the colony, appear to be Dutch in everything but their skins. The adage that familiarity breeds contempt does not seem to hold good between the Dutch and their present "helps"—their slaves, actually, until 1863! The most eloquent and comprehensive illustration of the good understanding between the two races is given in Mr. Palgrave's description of his visit, in the company of His Excellency the Governor, to the large estate of Munnickendam, and the dancing-party which the Creoles of the plantation organised in honour of the event. After the fun was over the male dancers snatched up His Excellency, and amid triumphant shouts, bore him "thrice round the garden," shoulder-high. That was all very good, and loyal, and beautiful, and His Excellency, though officially bound to make a show of "passive dignity and deprecatory acquiescence," liked it none the less. But to be caught up again, by dancers of a more attractive sort, and "to be enthroned, entwined in the rounded arms, and borne aloft on the shapely shoulders of six buxom, laughing damsels, and so carried in a thrice-repeated circle of unsolicited and unexpected triumph, while a whole troupe of African sister beauty danced and cheered around," was a treat—not to say an ordeal—which no Excellency, whether in his golden youth or in the sere and yellow leaf, could resist under pain of being stigmatised as a Dutchman. At the same time, it is to be hoped that these pleasantries occur at moderate intervals; otherwise Munnickendam may become a Black-Siren rock on which even Excellencies on the right side of forty may some day come to grief. Wherever Mr. Palgrave went he saw abundant evidence of Creole contentment and prosperity. It certainly says a great deal for Dutch management that the slave emancipation of 1863 was unattended with the slightest change for the worse in the character and industrious habits of the Creoles. Even after the expiration, in 1873, of the apprentice-term of ten years, the Creoles still preferred to stick by their old masters. How differently matters turned out in our own Jamaica!

Are these, then, the light fantastic Dutchmen whom the world holds reponsible for the supposed woes of Java, queen of the Eastern Archipelago? Paradoxical as it may seem, one may venture the suggestion that they are. The two systems appear to be, at bottom, the same. The Dutch colonial watchword for natives is said to be, "Mind your own business," which means that, in material affairs, they are to make themselves as comfortable as they can, leaving the Hollanders to carry on the finer work of government. So utterly unlike the Anglo-Indian, the traditional Dutch system was intended to produce a sleek, prosperous, and contented man-animal, with no thought of "high education," the civil service, native muncipalities, or any other disturbing element. A fat working-machine:—such was, until the other day, the ideal of Dutch colonial policy. Hence the discouragement of Mission work in Java; and the significant custom among high Dutch officials of answering a native in the vernacular, even when the latter addressed the great man in Dutch. But, suggests the reader, Mr. Palgrave shows that native education in Surinam is all but universal. No doubt he does; that education, however, is the work not of the Dutch Government in Surinam, but of the Moravian brotherhood; and the Moravians, owing to the unsettled state of the colony in past times, were necessarily allowed to do pretty much what they liked. In more settled times the Moravian work was discovered to have been too thorough and extensive to be discouraged, or even ignored. Besides, the respective sizes of the two colonies partly account for their respective modifications in the realisation of principles originally the same. Java has at least ten millions of a native population; Surinam only a paltry fraction of the number. In the next place, the Dutch in Java, very unfortunately, both for themselves and their subjects, differed from their West Indian fellow-countrymen in their method of producing man-machines. With the best intentions, the Javan Government became a sort of mercantile firm, encouraged the growth of particular products, and appointed a class of middlemen, the

native chiefs, who could not resist the temptation—offered by the Government bonus—to enforce the growth of the particular product, even at the risk of ruining the cultivation of cereals, and finally impoverishing the country. The chiefs even abused their powers, to force free labour on their own estates. The Dutch imagined they were conferring a benefit on the natives when they gave them overseers of their own race and speech; instead of which they turned Javan chiefship into a terrible engine of oppression. Hence, it does not follow that the Dutch were cruel because the Javans were in misery. Javan oppression was the result of the accident of the "culture system." In Surinam, on the other hand, there was no such system, nor any Chief-middlemen between the Government and the people. Had it been otherwise, Dutch Guiana would probably not have been what Mr. Palgrave calls it—"The Creole Paradise." Before leaving this part of the subject, let us add, in the first place, that the man-machine system is breaking down. Even in Java, education is already almost as much encouraged as it is in Dutch Guiana. Secondly, it would be absurd to condemn intermediate government by native chiefs (in India, say), because it has failed in Java. When India's turn comes, the experiment will be tried differently—and, if wisely, to the incalculable benefit of all concerned, English, Mahommedan, and Hindoo.

Mr. Palgrave despises the Indian coolie and the Chinese labourers on the Dutch plantations. The former are described as filthy and lazy, and the best that he can say for the latter is that they are filthy and industrious. The Creole, or Surinam negro, is, on the contrary, industrious and rather tasteful, as careful about his creature comforts as if he were a Dutchman, and on the whole as tidy as if he had been schooled in the village of Brock. The Hindoo never succeeds in gaining an independent position. But perhaps the reason lies in the Indian coolie's brief acquaintance with Surinam. At any rate, Mr. Palgrave may almost always find in the *Calcutta Gazette* some account of Hindoos returning from the West Indies to spend their fortunes in Bengal, Oudh, and the North-West. In Trinidad and elsewhere many Hindoos have amassed thousands of pounds, and started sugar plantations of their own. However, Mr. Palgrave is firmly convinced that the Indian coolie is not the labourer for Surinam. His hope is centred in the Creole; but unfortunately there is too little, or too few, of him. And here Mr. Palgrave enters on perhaps the most interesting portion of his task. Like the Biblical Paradise, Surinam is, he says, rather unprogressive, though happy. She wants labourers and capital. A negro emigrant depôt might be established at Zanzibar, whose slave-trade has been stopped. With Mr. Trollope's "million coolies," Surinam might speedily become a garden of the West. In cocoa-growing a young man of even slender means, but some energy, might in a comparatively short time make a fortune. Only a fraction of the ground fitted for the cultivation is as yet occupied; and the same may be said of coffee, cotton, sugar, and other products. Of Surinam only a narrow strip on the sea-coast has been utilised. The Maroon country, between it and French Guiana, thinly inhabited by Creole Indians in friendly alliance with their European neighbours, is as rich and neglected as the Dutch territory proper, and the immense sunny tracts stretching far away towards Brazil. A pleasant prospect—for many in anxious, overcrowded Europe—of morning walks among their canes, lotos-eating in the dreamy noon, and the negro dance in the moonlight.

AUGUSTIN COCHIN.

Augustin Cochin. By Count de Falloux. Translated by Augustus Craven. London: Chapman and Hall.

The knot of distinguished Catholics, led by Montalembert and Lacordaire, who represented the advanced party of Catholic liberalism, striving to fight scientific infidelity and atheistic democracy on its own ground, had, of course, its followers, its cluster of disciples. It is the satellites of any party who represent it, as a rule, to least advantage; it is among the crowd of pupils that the weaknesses of a movement are to be looked for, and its faults found most prominently presented. M. Augustin Cochin cannot with justice be reckoned as more than one of the supporters of the great leaders of the advanced Catholic cause, and though he was far too sincere and earnest to discredit in the slightest degree any party he might belong to, he was too much wanting in individual character and originality to take more than a secondary place in the ranks of the movement to which he was allied, and it is perhaps by a careful study of his life that the weaknesses or inconsistencies of the cause becomes most apparent. M. Cochin's life, as related by M. de Falloux, is comparatively uneventful from a political point of view, and its chief interest lies in its connexion with men like Montalembert and Lacordaire. M. Augustin Cochin was born at Paris in December, 1823. At an early age he lost his mother, and regretted her loss all his life. He was educated at the Collège Rollin, where his mind was directed in religion by the Abbé Senac. At the age of seventeen he lost his father, between whom and himself great love and sympathy existed. Devoting himself to law and to the study of social questions, M. Cochin rapidly advanced in distinction, but he gradually abandoned the bar from want of time. In 1848 he became Mayor of the Tenth Arrondissement, and he was brought forward by M. de Falloux on a commission on a law on the liberty of public instruction, which resulted in the law known "under the name of the law of March 15, 1850, by those who are favourable to it, and by the name of Falloux's law by those who are opposed to it." Shortly after M. Cochin married Mlle. Benoist d'Azy. After December 2, he became connected with so many Catholics, most notably Montalembert, and with the *Correspondent*. After passing through the siege of Paris and much of the Commune, M. Cochin died in March, 1872. M. Cochin's life must be regarded as one exceedingly upright, pious, and charitable. He was incessantly associated with good works, and he was a zealous advocate of what he considered liberty as well as a thorough lover of his country. But beyond these qualities, rare enough perhaps, he was scarcely a remarkable public figure.

The Count de Falloux, the biographer of Augustin Cochin, has of course the disadvantage in his task of having been a great personal friend of the man whose life he is delineating, and of having been more or less allied with the cause and the men with whom the subject is so intimately connected. The disadvantage exists, however, only from an historical point of view; in a literary aspect a biography must generally gain by its author's intimacy with his subject and sympathy with his ideas. M. de Falloux is himself a distinguished Catholic and Legitimist politician and writer, and is specially remarkable for his antagonism, in 1848, to the National Workshops, which are commonly, and wholly incorrectly, attributed to Louis Blanc. There was not much, perhaps, to be said for the National Workshops, but M. de Falloux's antagonism was the cause of the Communal uprising of June, which was so sternly suppressed by Cavaignac, and which led to the establishment of the Prince President. M. de Falloux is an enthusiastic admirer of M. Augustin Cochin, and his enthusiasm is shared by the translator, Mr. Augustus Craven, who declares in his preface, in speaking of "the intrepid defenders of religious liberty in France during the last forty years," that "this group of warriors in the noble cause of faith and freedom would be incomplete without the figure of Augustin Cochin." This is in a certain limited sense true; no movement is, perhaps, historically complete without some consideration of all who took part in it. But the influence of M. Cochin upon Modern France, was not great; and though M. de Falloux may prove him in his biography to have been a virtuous and upright man, a good friend, an admirable husband, and a devoted father, he scarcely succeeds in establishing a claim for him to have his name written by the side of the great

religious thinkers whose friend and associate he was. M. de Falloux's book and its English translation will without doubt be of deep interest to those who were the personal friends of M. Cochin, or those to whom anything connected with the movement headed by Montalembert and Lacordaire possesses an attraction, but it adds little or nothing to modern French history. Indeed, it has almost curiously contrived to remain so merely biographical that it is surprising how exceedingly little contemporary history is to be found in its pages. After a few pages devoted to the usual family history, how there was "a Cochin alderman of Paris in 1268, under the reign of St. Louis," and so on, M. de Falloux devotes himself as much to Augustin Cochin and as little to anything else as possible. This is to be regretted generally, as a biography always gains in vividness and intensity of interest by some graphic account of the time in which its subject lived, the various political events that belonged to his lifetime, and the prominent men with whom he was thrown in contact. M. de Falloux's book, lacking most of this, lacks interest, nor does he contrive to render M. Cochin a particularly interesting figure. As presented to us, he seems a man of undoubtedly lofty purpose and noble nature, but at the same time scarcely sufficiently distinct from the crowd of other men of lofty purpose and noble nature whose lives remain justly unrecorded.

M. de Falloux quotes portions of letters written by Augustin Cochin in his youth to his father shortly before his first communion, which perhaps gives us a curious insight into the character of the man. In the first he writes: —"You and a fellow student whom I was not at first inclined to love, who has lately made his first communion with infinite piety, and with whom I am now on intimate terms, have made me feel more than ever the importance and sublimity of religion. Henceforth I shall strive to restrain my faults as far as lies in my power. I intend to write a little diary of what I shall consider good or evil in my daily conduct. I shall write it with sincerity, and by degrees I hope to arrive at having nothing but good on my conscience. I hope this resolution on my part will please you, and I beg you will tell me on Sunday what you think of it." On the eve of taking the sacrament he wrote again to his father:—"If when you are at the foot of the altar, you recollect that you have offended your brother, rise and go, and reconcile yourself with him—these are the words of the gospel. O my dear father! I beg your pardon for the trouble and anxiety I have caused you! pardon me if I have not fulfilled all the duties of the fourth commandment. If I have given you pain by my impatience and unreasonableness, pardon me, and grant me your blessing, that thus Jesus Christ may find in me a worthy abode for himself. . . . Adieu, dear father! this day commences a new life for me. A life of goodness is about to succeed to one full of faults, and I will do all in my power to contribute to your happiness." The tone of these letters has a certain air of unreality about it; there is too much deliberation, and indeed too much of what might be termed self-assertion, or at the least self-consciousness, in it to make it as pleasing as an honest determination for self-improvement would otherwise be. There is a displeasing want of modesty in a youth's announcing that he hopes by degrees to have nothing but good on his conscience. The little diary for good or evil conduct has a suggestion of affectation about it, and the announcement that "a life of goodness is about to succeed to one full of faults" does not seem fully in harmony with the teaching of Catholic Christianity. Nor does the tone of these letters seem quite in keeping with another political fragment of a little later date, also written from his Lycée, in which he says:—"I trust the increased garrison of Paris, and the Ministry which has just been appointed, will put an end to all these rumours. If what we hear be true, these brigands have acted like cowardly assassins. In the meantime deliberate calumnies are not wanting, which attribute the risings to M. Thiers, and even to the police. As for me, I cannot help thinking that no serious party would wish to dishonour itself by assenting to acts executed by a set of men fresh from the galleys, or who deserve to be sent there." It would seem from this that charity was not considered by the young man, against whom the only reproach his father could bring was that he was "too good" to be a necessary adjunct to having nothing but good on the conscience, and that political intolerance was not incompatible with a life of goodness. Inconsistency was a fault frequently made a reproach to M. Cochin by his political enemies, but scarcely justly; it was perhaps an air of unreality about his actions which gave to them the appearance of inconsistency. The announcement of a coming life of goodness, with its peculiar strain of semi-theatrical egotism, finds a parallel in latter life, when he occupies the spare moments of an election in writing comments on the Lord's Prayer which, like many other of his writings, bears token, of the egotistic self-consciousness that characterised his early letters. This, too, he is pleased to find in his own son, about whom he writes to his wife:—"Let us speak of Denys. I own it to you in a whisper —I have a sort of feeling of respect for my son. If you had seen the dear boy seated on the top of the diligence between the *conducteur*, the postillion, and a *gendarme*, calmly making the sign of the cross as he passed every roadside cross, with that undaunted yet at the same time timid tranquillity which you know, and then again before his meals in full *table d'hôte*."

It would not perhaps, on the whole, be easier to get a better summary, of course from a semi-hostile point of view, of M. Cochin's character than that given in the *Univers*, when it said of him:—"M. Cochin possesses even the defects of his time. He is liberal; he is philanthropic and ultilitarian; he shocks none of the disputed opinions of the day, he has no absolute ideas—in short, by his moderation in all things, it would be difficult to conceive a man who, within the limits of honesty and reason, could contrive to be to the same extent as himself everybody's man."

M. Cochin's great friendship with the Duke de Broglie may serve as another gauge to his character. M. de Falloux quotes a few maxims of M. Cochin's from a work entitled 'Christian Hopes,' of which the two following will give an example:—

"To attempt to combat Christianity with reason is to forget that Christianity was the first to give light to reason."

"Pessimism leads some men to take interest in nothing, others to give themselves up to pleasure; it leads none to combat evil, which is the cause of Pessimism."

The off-hand mode contained in this last paragraph of settling the theory of a Schopenhauer or a Hartmann is as curious as the lack of logic in the former.

There is little to be said about M. de Falloux's book. It is the enthusiastic *éloge* of a friend and admirer of a good and worthy man, whose qualities were not so striking as they are naturally believed to be by the biographer. It would have been perhaps as well left undone; it is not easy to see any particular reason for its translation, but both actions are, from the point of view of friendship and admiration, commendable. The most peculiar thing connected with the book is its absolute silence with regard to that one great man, whose name, associated in the beginning with Montalembert and Lacordaire, is alone worthy to rank with them—Lamennais. That he broke away from his associations, that he who was one of the boldest spirits and deepest thinkers, refused to be led by aught but his own reason, makes him perhaps, in the mind of the author of the life of Augustin Cochin, an unimportant and to be forgotten figure. But as long as the history of contemporary France shall last, Lamennais will not be forgotten.

MINOR NOTICES.

Life and Times of Sir Ralph Sadleir. By Major F. Sadleir Stoney. (Longmans.)—In compiling at some length from the various papers, historical docu-

ments, &c., the life of Sir Ralph Sadleir, the companion of Wolsey and Cromwell, his descendant has certainly contributed a valuable chapter to English history, and executed his task with care and completeness. Sir Ralph Sadleir, of whom Lloyd said, in his 'Statesmen and Favourites of England,' that "he saw the interest of the State altered six times and died an honest man; the crown put upon four heads, yet he continued a faithful subject; religion changed, as to the publick constitution of it, five times, yet he kept the faith," has never yet received the justice he deserves at the hands of historians; and it is to rectify this that his descendant publishes "a connected narrative of the life of a celebrated statesman whose biography has never hitherto been written, and whose memory ought to be held in high estimation by his countrymen of all ages; for no man ever lived who contributed individually more to the union of England and Scotland into the one glorious kingdom of Great Britain than Sir Ralph Sadleir." In saying that Sir Ralph Sadleir's biography has never been written, Major Stoney of course mentions the brief memoir of Sir Ralph Sadleir by Sir Walter Scott, of which he says that "though charmingly written, it contains several errors, while the information it gives on several important points is very scanty indeed." All this Major Stoney has set right in an exceedingly interesting biography. It is not necessary to recapitulate his work, and follow all the details of good Sir Ralph's life from his rise, under Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, to his death, under Elizabeth, or retell all the events of his varied career, but attention may be drawn to certain important points. The connexion of Sir Ralph Sadleir with the most striking female figure in modern history, Mary Stuart, is exceedingly interesting; his life was literally linked with hers from the cradle to the grave. Thus, in 1543, Sir Ralph had a conference with Mary of Guise at Linlithgow, and saw the three-months'-old baby-daughter. "She caused me," writes Sadleir, "to go with her to the chamber where the child was, and shewed her unto me, and also caused the nurse to unwrap her out of her clothes, that I might see her naked. I assure your Majesty it is as goodly a child as I have seen of her age, and as like to live, with the grace of God." Of which the biographer truly observes, "Verily, Sir Ralph was one of the first to discern the personal beauty of Mary Queen of Scots." Brantome pays tribute to her beauty years after, saying, "Voyez quelle vertu avoit une telle beauté, et telle grâce, de faire tourner un barbarisme grossier en une douce civilité et gracieuse mondanité: et ne s'en faut esbahir de cela, qu'étant habillée à la sauvage (comme je l'ay veüe), à la barbaresque mode des Sauvages de son Pays, elle paroissoit, en un corps mortel, et habit barbare et grossier, une vraye Déesse." More than forty years later, Mary Stuart, then a captive in England, was delivered to the care of Sir Ralph Sadleir, who treated the Queen with consideration, and whom she seems to have regarded with friendship, for his name is not—nor is Elizabeth's—to be found, in her last letter to Philip of Spain, among those whom she recommends for vengeance. Sir Ralph was succeeded in his ward by Sir Amyas Paulet, but he and Mary Stuart met once more, for Sir Ralph was on the commission which condemned her. This connexion of Sir Ralph's with "the most fair and the most cruel princess in the world," whom few men saw while she lived without loving, and about whom people fight as fiercely to-day as if she still were in existence, possesses deep interest, and is well handled by the biographer. Sir Ralph, among other events of his lengthy life, for he was eighty years old when he died, fought at that battle of Pinkney, of which the old lines say—

> English gold and Scotch traitors won
> Pinkney, but no Englishman—

and is said to have captured the Scottish standard. Major Sadleir Stoney has contributed to English history a valuable biography of an exceedingly interesting historical figure, to whom justice has at last, though somewhat late, been done in this chronicle of his long, active, and admirable life.

America and the Americans. By Jacques Offenbach. (W. Reeves.)—M. Offenbach is famous all over the world as a writer of comic opera, but never has he produced anything half so comic as this account of his experiences during his American trip. The only difference is that here the humour is unintentional. M. Offenbach has probably not the least idea how supremely funny his observations on America and Americans really are. We can hardly wonder at French writers making absurd mistakes in speaking of countries or peoples with whom they are not acquainted when we find that anyone can visit a country and bring back so ludicrous a recollection of it. A certain type of French writer, and M. Offenbach in his way of looking at things is essentially French, can never see anything as others see it—he regards the world through the tinted spectacles of Parisian prejudice, every page is encumbered with ridiculous mistakes and nonsensical observations whose ridiculousness and nonsensicality is only rivalled by the gravity with which they are recorded. From the time when on his arrival in New York he is serenaded outside his hotel, and greeted with cries of "Long live Offenbach!" to which he is obliged to reply from his balcony "the formidable 'Thank you, Sir,' prescribed by the formula of politeness," to the time of his departure, he notes down a series of events and observations that would be described as a tissue of improbabilities, if it were not for the evident faith with which they are given. He gives an extraordinary account of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, from which a reader might gather that the usual charge there is 20 dols.—4*l.*—a day, instead of 5 dols. He follows this up with an equally marvellous account of a house in Madison Avenue. Then comes a lively and less inaccurate account of the New York theatres, interspersed by some droll observations on Jim Fisk. We are then favoured by some remarks on the American restaurants that will astonish those to whom America is familiar quite as much as those who have never set foot upon the shores of the United States. Again, as regards the costume of the American, whom M. Offenbach will persist in describing as a Yankee, we are told that, as a rule, he wears a white tie all through the day; also that "one thing very astonishing to foreigners, is to see that all the Americans have under the flap of the coat and near the middle a very marked protuberance. It is here that the American gentleman carries his revolver." His remarks about the American press are equally amusing, and his descriptions of New York celebrities are composed of Bennett of the *Herald*, a few theatrical managers and musicians, a couple of photographers and John Morrissey the prize-fighter, whom he calls a senator, but who is a member of the House of Representatives. The whole pamphlet is an amusing specimen of absurd Parisian buffoonery.

Miss in the Kitchen; or, A Week's Misadventures in Housekeeping. By Ella Burton. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—We are a little apt to think, and with considerable justice, that most of our humorous books come from across the Atlantic. But there are exceptions to the rule, and this booklet is one of them. It is really very amusing, it is also exceedingly well written, and it combines with these attractions the merit of being remarkably sensible. The difficulty which the heroine relates is of the same character as the trouble which fell upon Miss Alcott's charming little women, Meg, Jo, Bett, and Amy, when they undertook to do the housework themselves, but 'Miss in the Kitchen' has the additional disadvantage of being compelled to fight single-handed, she has no one to aid her. This is how the thing happened. Barbara, the servant, goes for a long-desired few days' holiday, and in the interval the heroine and her grand-aunt, who, being one of the many daughters of a country laird, "had learned and practised the whole routine of housekeeping well and thoroughly," and who "boasted with pride that she was capable of doing everything about a house except a

washing," undertake to manage the house. All goes well at first, until, unfortunately, the grand-aunt is compelled to succumb to a sick headache, and the domestic charge devolves upon the unaided shoulders of Miss Alice. It is of her many troubles that the book tells. Of course everything goes wrong, of course her brother brings home a friend to dinner, and of course unwelcome guests call in. How it all happens, and how it at last happily ends by the recovery of the grand-aunt, who sets everything to rights before the return of Barbara, is brightly and humorously narrated, and will well repay reading. The authoress draws a clever and forcible, but not in the least forced, moral about the incompetency of so many ladies to manage their own houses, that it would be well for many to lay to heart at a time when servants rightly know their value, and lady-helps are talked of. The sprightly little pamphlet thus concludes:—"The attitude of the servants is like that of the colliers; they know the ladies cannot do without them—*ergo*, they will trade on that and become exorbitant; and if this state of things remains—O ye 'Women's Rights' women!—what will be the language which the male adversary will employ with an ecstasy still greater than that of the jubilant domestic? It will be something like this:—'Gentlewomen seek to enter the profession of medicine, to force themselves on to public platforms, to vote for members of Parliament, to share in the government of the kingdom; and yet they can't govern their own houses. Their servants are too many for them; they are at their mercy; and in their absence they are not able even to perform trifling domestic duties which ought to serve as a good initial lesson to exactitude in business." We may add that Miss Burton is the daughter of the distinguished Scotch historian.

DRAMA.

"BRASS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

The play produced by Mr. Rowe at the Haymarket is farcical in its incidents, there is not an original character in it, a good many of its jokes are old hacks, the plot, such as it is, puts a painful strain upon the memory of the audience, too much is made of the author's own part, and yet it is a very amusing performance, at least for such childlike natures as retain their primitive liking for good banging and thumping farce. That *Brass* is a farce, although in five acts, it would be vain to deny. It even touches the limits of pantomime in the last act, where a three-pronged electro-plated fork is handled by the chief performer with the playful freedom of the clown's red poker, producing the same consternation and scurry among the personages on the stage. A bowie-knife was used on the first night of the play, but has since been discarded in favour of the fork. It looked, and one may suppose really was, dangerous, as if the clown were to arm himself with a real red-hot poker and not a painted counterfeit. Still, farcial as *Brass* is, and familiar as are its materials, it contains a genuine spontaneous vein of humour, and gives much promise of future excellence. An author may borrow a great deal and yet give evidence of original power. There are two ways of borrowing. Incidents may be pieced together mechanically, and smart sayings, whether from books or from real life, may be woven artificially into the dialogue, or these borrowed materials may be used in such a way that they seem to rise up naturally in the author's path. Mr. Rowe seems to us to have borrowed in the second and more independent of these ways. His stock incidents arise naturally in the course of the story, his funny sayings occur like happy thoughts in the progress of the dialogues. The play does not strike us as mechanical work, but as work that has an animating principle of vivacious invention.

Miss Edith Simcox's 'Natural Law' will be published in New York by J. R. Osgood and Co.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Owing to the disgraceful blunder of its being mistaken for the Colorado miscreant, the harmless, beautiful, and highly poetical lady-bird has been looking up in public interest within these last few days. We find from an article in the *Saturday Review* that Freia's favourite insect goes, in Surrey folk-speech, by the name of "lady-bug;" and that "lady-cow" is a frequent South-Saxon term for it. It is also known as "May-bug," and in Derbyshire as "cow-lady." This shows that the English peasantry have unwittingly preserved several mythological terms which their German forefathers brought over to this country. "Sun-cow" and "sun-calf" (*Sonnen-Kühlein; Sonnen-Kalb*) are names given to the lady-bird in several parts of Germany; our Lady Freia having been a Sun-goddess. Her early connexion with the cow-symbol—in which she resembles the ox-faced Here and the Egyptian Isis—can be proved from the Edda. The month of May having been devoted to her in her quality as an aphrodite, it is no wonder her little red-winged messenger should be called May-bug. Bug is an old English word for any beetle. In this sense it has survived in America, as have so many other forms of speech that have fallen into desuetude here. This reminds us that when Professor Agassiz first came to the United States, his entomological knowledge was rudely tested by some larking students, who handed to him a beetle of most gorgeous aspect, artificially constructed from the body, the wings, and the legs of various species. The Professor gravely looked at the wonderful stranger, and then delivered himself thus:—"Gentlemen, this is a specimen not found in Europe, nor in any other part of the world. It exclusively belongs to America. It is a hum-bug!"

The battle between muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders is much more ancient than is generally supposed. On September 26, 1645, Captain Peter Cannon—a singularly appropriate name for an artillerist—presented a petition to the House of Lords, setting forth that "he was one of the first employed to provide the train of artillery for the State, and, to show his fidelity to the cause of God maintained by Parliament, he has spent much time and money in inventing iron and brass ordnance to be loaded at the 'britche,' as others now are at the mouth; in this way they may be loaded and discharged much oftener than others, and are more secure by sea and land, to the saving of gunners killed in loading and spunging other ordnance at the mouth. Petitioner prays that, as he has by his own industry discovered this invention never before attained unto, the House would grant him an ordinance for the making and casting of such ordnance, and that if anyone else should presume to cast any pieces after his invention without his leave, they may be forfeited to the use of the State." It is painful to read that though an ordinance to the effect desired passed the Lords and was sent down to the Commons, the Commons, in spite of repeated reminders, let the matter drop. This curious fact is preserved for us at page 78 of the new Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

This reminds us of another invention—for the preservation, not the destruction of life—in which modern times appear to have been anticipated. Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice, wrote to Prince Charles, forwarding "a secret not long since imparted to this State, and rewarded with a pension to the inventor and to his posterity; the scope being indeed of singular use, namely, a way how to save gunpowder from all mischance of fire in their magazines, to which they have been very obnoxious by a kind of fatality." It would be interesting to learn whether any record of this useful invention is preserved among our State papers. It is interesting also to notice the very different manner in which the State of Venice and the Parliament of England treated inventors in those days.

The New York *Nation*, in an article on the late riots in the United States, points out the great difference between regular troops and the militia who have proved so useless during the whole period. It says truly enough that from the want of the habit of obedience "a militia regiment, no matter how well drilled, when it finds itself acting against a mob, and the

temper of the men begins to be tried by missiles and insults, loses very rapidly its sense of organisation, the company and the regiment and the officers fade from the private's view, and he is become in his own eyes an individual man, at whom a fellow on the side-walk is throwing brickbats, so he gratifies his rage and provides for his personal safety by taking a shot at him. The mob on its side takes more or less the same view of the force; that is, it believes it has got a body before it very much like itself, although armed and uniformed, and does not believe in its discipline and cohesiveness, and does believe that it can dissolve it by vigorous pelting, or a series of single combats, or by appeals to the sympathies of the men."

The kindly consideration of a distinguished American ecclesiastic for the grave of John Locke in Bunhill Fields has unluckily brought on him rather ridicule than gratitude. The stranger happened to be in Bunhill Fields burying-ground, and observed that rough boys were sporting on the grave of John Locke. He felt naturally pained and shocked, and he wrote an indignant letter to the *Times*. It appeared, however, that the grave in question does not cover the awful dust of the author of the 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding,' who is buried in the tomb of the Masham family in High Laver Church in Essex. The John Locke whose grave was used as part of the playground of the rough lads in Bunhill Fields was doubtless an honest man, worthy of better treatment than to have his bones disturbed by vulgar horseplay; but he is not exactly the Locke on whose last resting-place the good American bishop fancied himself to be gazing. The inscription on the tomb in Bunhill Fields shows, it would appear, that its occupant was laid there more than a century after the philosopher his namesake had been consigned to his tomb in Essex.

On the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the University of Upsala, it is mentioned that duelling—so frequent still among German students—has been forbidden in Sweden, under a penal Act, since 1682. The obedience paid to this law, even by hot-headed youth is all the more remarkable because the recollections of the heathen heroic times are cultivated in Scandinavia with enthusiastic zeal. The blessed heroes in Walhalla whiled away the time which hung heavily upon their hands, by daily fights; after which they came back in the evening, to the shield-adorned hall, to feast upon mead and boar's flesh, when their limbs at once became whole again. Swedish students nowadays are ready to empty large drinking horns in remembrance of these beliefs—for auld lang syne; but they do not otherwise follow the bad example of the pugnacious Einheriar. At German universities, duelling is chiefly practised by the *Landsmannschaften*, or *Corps*—that is, by those students' associations which keep up the provincial spirit, and whose members, as a rule, are least characterised by high intellectual aspirations. Among the *Burschenschaften*, which were founded some sixty years ago as a means of cultivating the idea of national union and freedom, and among the *Freie Verbindungen*, or Free Associations, which are animated by progressive tendencies, duelling is least practised or not at all. Shortly before the German Revolution of 1848–49, there were some students' leagues of a Democratic character, in which duelling was strictly forbidden. Many of their members afterwards took a prominent part in the armed struggles of the popular movement, and not a few of them died on the field of battle, or under a court-martial sentence, or were exiled, whilst the members of the *Corps* hung back during that great national crisis.

Midhat Pasha is said to have received information from Constantinople which caused him to request the manager of the Hôtel Metropole, where he was staying, to have the preparation of his meals carefully superintended.

Midhat Pasha recently visited the Oriental Academy at Vienna, and was much pleased to find his own work on the Turkish grammar in the library. Curiously enough, this copy was presented to the Academy by Raschid Pasha shortly before his assassination.

A characteristic story is told of the late Bishop Ketteler. Whilst he was speaking of the influence of the Press, one of his listeners observed that the Church would do better not to take up so prominent a position in journalism. To this the Bishop remarked that if St. Paul were still alive he would be the editor of a newspaper.

In one of the *cafés* at Pesth a lively discussion arose at one of the tables concerning the Eastern Question. The dispute waxed warmer, and the question was referred to one of the guests who had hitherto taken no share in the argument. But he replied that he never talked politics; and the more his opinion was insisted upon the firmer he became—politics were quite out of his line. Ten minutes later he and the rest of the debaters were all fighting together, and the police had to be called in to restore the peace!

A squad of recruits were drawn up in line the other day at Debreczin in Hungary, when the corporal suddenly exclaimed: "Here, you Kovács, what's that medal you've got dangling there on your breast?" Kovács blushed, cast down his eyes, and replied in a small voice: "Please, sir, it's the medal our cow won at the last cattle-show!"

Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, is seriously ill. He is now sixty-six years old. Originally he studied chemistry, but abandoned it for mathematics and astronomy. On June 14, 1846, he read a paper in the French Academy on certain deviations of the star Uranus, whence he proved the existence of an unknown planet, and even determined its shape, specific weight, and its position. Observations were then made at all the observatories, resulting in the discovery, by Gall, of the planet in question, Neptune, which is eighty-five times larger than the earth.

Taine's 'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise' will appear in a German version, from the pen of M. Leopold Katscher, the able translator of Taine's work on 'Pre-Revolutionary France.'

A rich gift of books has been made to the Strassburg University, from Madras, by Professors Oppert and Duncan, Director Macdonald, Judge Innes, and Curator Krishnamashun. It consists chiefly of works belonging to Indian literature. The most interesting among them is a collection of writings in the Tamil language, with Telegu characters, in which the 4,000 holy places are described which are dedicated to Vishnu.

Strange wedding presents are sometimes made to happy brides, but the strangest bridal gift we ever heard of was presented to the Lady Mayoress, and shows that there are more things in heaven and earth, and in the waters under the earth, than the staunchest believer in the sea-serpent ever dreamt of. It consists, according to the *Standard*, of a set of "extremely elegant fish-eating knives and forks." This new species of ichthyophagi will doubtless prove extremely attractive, and put Pongo quite in the shade; but we hear that the butler of the newly-married couple has absolutely refused to take charge of them, and insists upon their having a special keeper. Certainly, the sight of the voracious animals making a concerted rush upon the turbot and salmon, as soon as the dishes are placed on the table, would considerably astonish the assembled guests at the first reception after the honeymoon. Darwin should look to this. Meanwhile, Mr. Robertson is trying to obtain the loan of them for the Westminster Aquarium.

Most of the United States journals are always looking out for means to induce people to subscribe, but the latest novelty in this line, and the most remarkable, is the invention of a Kansas newspaper. The editor found that the giving away of highly-coloured chromo-lithographs had no longer the old effect as of yore in increasing the sale of the paper, neither had clocks. In fact, all the farmhouses for miles were adorned with chromo-lithographs, many of which were relegated to the stables and outhouses, while, as for clocks, there were so many that no farmer could form any idea of the right time, and the editor of the Kansas journal was in despair. At last a bright idea struck him, and he announced a series of prize young women as inducements to subscribers. Every number of his paper had a coupon. After a certain time all these coupons

entitled their possessor to a chance in a lottery where all were prizes and none blanks. The prize consisted of a photograph, name and address of one of the prize young women. A correspondence was naturally supposed to ensue, ending, if all went well, in a happy marriage. The idea proved an immense success; ever so many young women offered themselves for prizes, all the eligible young men in the country took in the paper, and for a time the journal had it all its own way. Soon, however, the idea began to spread; domestic and ladies' journals began to offer prize young men, and soon the new scheme passed from the boundaries of its original district, first all over Kansas, and now is gradually making progress among the newspapers of the other States. The original journal, however, is again in a difficulty, for the idea succeeded so admirably that there is not an unmarried young man in the district, and the editor now thinks of offering prize children to any who may stand in need of them; and, if this fails, of applying to the State legislature for permission to start a series of prize divorces.

M. Alexandre Dumas has got hold of a new theory, or rather perhaps it should be said hobby, before which even his favourite "vibrio" and his later taste for the theory of natural selection pales in interest. The moral of this new movement might be regarded as a pendant to the ruling idea of *L'Ami Fritz*, that the chief business of Frenchmen was to add to the population by now showing that the chief business of Frenchwomen is to nurse the rising population. Some distinguished French lady has written to M. Dumas, imploring him to advocate the principle that French mothers should themselves administer to the wants of very young France, and it is of this principle that M. Dumas has now constituted himself the champion, and is prepared to fight the world at arms for the sake of the world in arms.

The engine-drivers on the German railways have not always an easy time of it. The other day, the driver of a train, as he was approaching a station, perceived three ladies on the line ahead of him, wildly gesticulating to him to stop. In vain he whistled, they still remained signalling on the line, and, in order to avoid running them down and killing all three, the driver was obliged to stop the train, when, to his disgust, he found that the three ladies only wanted their father, who was in the train, to get out just there, as his house was close by, instead of going on to the station. The indignant official, however, insisted on bringing both father and daughters to the station, to pay some penalty for their recklessness. This was not so bad, however, as a recent affair in Ireland, when a whole train was stopped in great alarm by seeing a man with a gun pursue another man, and, firing, apparently kill him. When search was made, however, no dead body was to be found, and the whole affair proved to be a silly practical joke.

Travellers by that wonderful line, the Great Eastern, devoted to the transit of milk-cans, fish-baskets, and the lunatics who still live along that railway, were not a little astonished to find themselves stopped at one of the entrances to the Liverpool Street Station by two stalwart policemen, who bawled at them to show their tickets. Apart from the fact that there is no law as yet empowering the metropolitan police to oblige travellers to show their tickets, the whole proceeding was as senseless as annoying, for, as the tickets were demanded before entering the station, it is difficult to see how those who had got none could get any before arriving at the booking-office.

When Mr. David Urquhart died, his organ, the *Diplomatic Review*, was suspended. We understand that in a future number of it a biography of Mr. Urquhart will be published.

In Paris there died, the other day, at the age of eighty, an old man who had made a great many friends, none of whom, however, knew what his occupation had been. He is now known to have been for many years the State executioner of Berlin, and was very famous in his art, it having been his boast that no stroke of his ever failed of its purpose. He resigned his office in the year 1840, having got together a considerable sum of money from his professional labours, and as everyone knew and avoided him in Berlin, he settled down in Paris. It is said that, after the manner of Sanson, he has left his memoirs behind him.

We are informed on the authority of a respectable Scotch newspaper that it takes five Highlandmen in Wick to post a letter. The first buys a stamp, the second pays for it, the third affixes it, the fourth puts the letter into the letter-box, and the fifth looks down the aperture after it. After this, it will take even Professor Blackie to make us believe in "the blind hysterics of the Celt."

The Bishop of Truro, who, worthy man, treats the 'Priest in Absolution' and the Society of the Holy Cross much as an eminent clergyman of the Warburton order treated a difficult passage in the Pentateuch, by "looking it boldly in the face and passing on," has been enlarging at Falmouth on the educational value of dumb animals. He has, he said, "made a close companion of a dog," and feels "with White of Selborne that there is some mysterious ebb and flow between the dumb creation and ourselves." Mr. Whalley should look to this, for may the Bishop's dog not turn out to be his auricular confessor? Besides, the Bishop may be wrong in concluding that the educative influences of what he conventionally styles dumb animals are necessarily always good. Does he not know that had Calvin not been a cat-fancier he would not have burnt Servetus, and would not have constructed a system of theology which represents the Deity, in the language of Theodore Parker, as "an almighty cat?"

To judge from the statistics of lunatic asylums now publishing, it must be one of the most charming things in the world to be insane. Thus, in one asylum we find that 109 "amusements" were given last year, attended by 17,000 persons. These included nine balls, fifty dances, fifty-four croquet parties, three dramatic entertainments, five tea parties, six concerts, eleven lectures, fifteen picnics, and what are stated to be "four Megatherium Societies." It may be doubted if Paradise itself could boast of a Megatherium Society.

A distinguished member of the American Philological Society, Professor S. S. Haldemann, in a paper in the 'Transactions' for 1876, protests against the customary orthography of the English language by spelling adverbs and other words ending in "y" with a final "i" instead, as "similarli," and "independentli," &c. We confess that we care little for these cheerful innovations with varieties of which we are already familiar on this side of the Atlantic.

The New York *Herald* of August 2 contains an amusing account from a London correspondent of the Obstructionists generally, and of an interviewing of the great Parnell. From this we are made acquainted with Mr. Parnell's defence, or rather explanation, of his policy, and that of the other members of the "Obstructives." Mr. Parnell wishes it to be understood that their operations do not depend on any attempt to waste time, but "are simply dependent on the fact that the House of Commons, in attempting to legislate for the three kingdoms, India, and the Colonies, has set itself a task which would take at least four times as much time as it has at its disposal. Mr. Parnell and his friends, therefore, endeavour "to put a stop to the transaction after half-past twelve o'clock at night of any fresh business which requires discussion." They think that "when the House has sat from a quarter to four to half-an-hour after midnight, it has done a good day's work, and ought to be sent home." We further learn that the party have this Session prevented the Government from getting through at least three-fourths of the work which they had laid out to be done. Mr. Parnell fully believes that their tactics will accomplish "something."

The *Irish Times* having given an elaborate account of the last Home Rule meeting, in which it described some lively passages at arms, and some rather strong language passing between Mr. M'Carthy Downing, M.P., and certain prominent members of the Obstructionists, Mr. M'Carthy Downing writes to another paper to contradict the whole story. The contradiction is delightful. Mr. M'Carthy Downing says: "While I deprecated the course pursued by Mr. Parnell and

his allies, and by the resolution which I prepared and proposed desired to draw a distinctive line between them and the other fifty-three Irish Home Rule members, I never used an offensive—nay, a harsh expression towards the gentlemen forming the minority, nor did I impugn the sincerity of their motives. . . . Of course hundreds have read the graphic account of my encounter with Mr. O'Connor Power; but, save forcible language in maintaining our respective opinions, it had no reality save in the irresponsible imagination of the correspondent before referred to. It is true that Mr. Parnell, in a moment of unbridled passion, said that my conduct proved that I was not a gentleman, and that I replied, 'You are a liar, and as soon as you please I will prove it.' And it is equally true, which of course the correspondent took care not to give, that Mr. Parnell, with the feelings of a gentleman, within an hour after the meeting broke up, made to me an unconditional apology." The idea of anyone imagining that there was any disagreement to disturb the harmony of the meeting was absurd. Except for forcible language, and the exchange of the little amenities, "You are no gentleman," and "You're a liar," there was no suggestion of offensive or harsh expressions. It was friends all.

The well-known firm of A. and C. Black, the publishers of the 'Encylopædia Britannica,' are about to issue a new edition of Kay's 'Portraits.' This is one of the best volumes of portraits of the half-caricature order ever published, and may indeed be said to give a brief epitome of the period of Scotch history with which it deals.

Messrs. Hartleben, of Vienna, are about to publish a work entitled 'Memoirs of Baron Bruck during the Crimean War,' by Isidor Heller, who was his private secretary at the time. Baron Bruck was one of the Austrian representatives who signed the second Vienna Note to the Sultan, Dec. 5, 1853.

The Postmaster-General has issued a circular calling upon householders to furnish their doors with letter-boxes. This would save the postman an hour and a-half in every sixty houses. But would it not be well at the same time to invest the district surveyor with power to compel every builder of a new house to furnish it with a letter-box?

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